National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

FROM THE CHOCTAW NATION.

At length we have intelligence from the Choctaw Nation of the probable influence of the late action of the American Board upon that most interesting mission. "Wait till we hear from the Mission," has been on the lips of many who were doubting whereunto these things would grow, and the perusal of the following letter will not tend to allay apprehensions that serious consequences are to follow. We still hope that God will overrule these untoward circumstances, and not suffer the Mission which his own hand has planted, and his Spirit has so greatly blessed, to be retarded in its work.—*Ed. Observer.*

Correspondence of the New York Observer.

EFFECTS OF THE AMERICAN BOARD'S ACTION.

——— ———, Oct. 10, 1854.

In the discussions at the late meeting of the American Board upon the subject of the Choctaw Missions, it was more than once insinuated that foreign influence operated upon the Choctaw Council, in the passage of the stringent law relative to the instruction of slaves, and the residence of white men among them who were known to be Abolitionists. It is true beyond a question that the law was the result of foreign influence. That foreign influence, however, was different from what was in the minds of the speakers at the meeting of the Board. The truth is that the Indian tribes, among whom slavery exists, have been more or less jealous of the American Board ever since her departure (in this particular) from the great object of her organization—the sending of the Gospel to the heathen—and engaging in discussions upon the subject of slavery. The jealousy was greatly increased by the visit, a few years since, of the Rev. Mr. Treat to the Choctaw and Cherokee Missions. Discussions upon this subject at the meetings of the Board, and other convocations for missionary purposes, and communications in religious journals relative to the American Board and Slavery, have added still more to the jealous feeling. And last, not least, the sending of missionaries and teachers to the Choctaws who are supposed to sympathize with northern Abolitionists has so increased and confirmed the jealousy, that the aforesaid law is the result. In the days of Dr. Worcester and Jeremiah Evarts, Esq., the Choctaws and Cherokees had the fullest confidence in the American Board, and in the missionaries labouring among them. This confidence continued unshaken so long as the Board confined herself to the legitimate objects for which she was instituted. The late action of the Board in relation to their Choctaw schools will doubtless lead to a separation of the Board and the Choctaws. The missionaries and teachers will all be compelled to leave the Choctaw country, or else attach themselves to some other Board. Such an alternative will be very painful to the missionaries and to the Choctaws, especially such of them as have, through the instrumentality of the missionaries, been gathered into the fold of Christ, the Good Shepherd. The Choctaw people are greatly attached to the missionaries, especially to those who first preached the Gospel to them. These venerable men have been faithful and laborious, and God has greatly blessed their labours. They have obeyed the instructions and followed the example of Christ and his Apostles. They have felt that they needed no truths "lying back of the Bible," and no "light in advance of the Apostles" to guide them. God has approved of their course, and put his own signet upon it. Let the American Board pause, and let her "constituents" pause, ere they thrust these heaven-sent and heaven-approved men from their churches and fields of labour. But it may be said the Board do not thrust them out, they only require the repeal of an oppressive and unjust law as the condition upon which they will continue their schools. This action will drive the missionaries from their field, or compel them to seek other patronage. And besides, if the Board and her organs had attended only to their appropriate work, no such law would have been passed; and since it is passed, if the Board, her organs and "constituents" had said and done, and would say and do, nothing about it, the law would remain a dead letter on the statute book. CHOCTAW.

THE POSITION OF PARTIES.—OUR WARNING VOICE TO THE NORTH.

We have wiped our hands of compromises! The position of the South at this moment is not to be misunderstood. The action of Southern Members of Congress in support of the principle in the Nebraska and Kansas bills, *which forever repudiates the Compromise of the Constitution, is the true expression of Southern views and feelings.* Here we stand. We demand from Congress, in our *declining political power* in that body, a strict construction of the powers of the Constitution.

As Democrats and friends of the Union, we look at the present position of parties at the North with deep solicitude. In New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and in every Northern State, the question of Free Soil has become the prevailing and all-absorbing topic of interest. A large portion of the Democracy appear to cling with patriotic tenacity to the old standard principles and usages of the party. Arrayed against them are the Whigs, who are now heading an avowed Free Soil movement; and, in addition, we find a division of disaffected Democrats who have left the main wing upon this geographical question. In the midst of a heated political controversy, which combines with it not only the opprobrious epithets of the lager-beer politicians, the bitter invectives of the religious and Abolition fanatics, we find Native Americanism and anti-Popery combined into a political element, represented in the very innocent appellative, "Know-Nothingism." The latter is as insidious as it is novel; and could the wire-workers behind the scenes be exhibited to the entrapped members, in all their jesuitical cant, the clubs would drop off faster than Falstaff's army; it is an expedient of the hour, whose gnat-like existence will not be known after it shall have perished.

The Whig press of the South exhibit a portentous silence on political subjects and a chary support of Northern men and measures, with some exceptions, that evidently show the counter current of political feeling in that party at the South to be not yet prepared for assimilation with the creed of "no more slave territory." The Democrats of the South are ready to respond to the orthodox at the North with the unwavering hope of perpetuating that noble party, which, from the foundation of the government, has always been on the side of the masses, opposed to exclusive privileges, and in favour of a simple and economical administration of the General Government.

We are alone interested in these great questions. Our immense surplus labour forms the basis of most of the imports of the North; that is to say, the labour of the South buys the foreign goods, and consequently pays most of the taxes of the Union. The South is the highest taxed and least benefited portion of the confederacy. Yet we are still unwavering in our support of it. Will Northern Democrats lay aside sectionalism to meet us in our national conventions, as in times past, for the maintenance of the Union intact?

We wait for the results of the elections about transpiring in Ohio, Indiana, New York and Pennsylvania. We expect Free Soilism to triumph. New York will go to the Whigs on this question, but, in the triumph of Free Soilism, what is accomplished towards cementing the nationality of the Whig or Democratic parties? Certainly, we of the South cannot be interested in limiting the area of slavery. We are not to be told that Cuba shall not be admitted, if desirable. Besides, how vastly important is it that our Southern boundary should be extended to the Sierra Madre, as we have always demanded. How necessary to the security of the South, and how deeply does Texas feel its necessity. Then the repeal of the tariff on iron and wool is necessarily demanded in our trade with Russia, who now buys of the United States over nine millions of dollars of her commodities, and eight and a half millions of which is paid for our raw cotton. Shall the South find no aid from the North in thus reducing the tariff, which is filling the treasury to a repletion and surfeit, causing the most extravagant and corrupt legislation? We do not ask these things as a *sine qua non*—as an ultimatum without which we shall withhold all future coöperation with the North; but as some of the reasons for a continued Union of the Democratic party of the nation. Shall it be as a unit—or shall it be *lost forever in fragments?* Let our Northern contemporaries answer. If New York, Ohio and other large Northern States are yielded to Northern Whigs, and upon the banner of that party "Free Soilism" is inscribed, where shall we, as Democrats, longer look for another national victory?—*Texas State Gazette.*

[illegible]AD OF MERIT.—The Richmond (Va.) *Enquirer* expresses its gratitude to the Rev. Dr. Adams, for services rendered to the "peculiar institution," as follows:

"It seems that that *reverend* Adams has been sneaking up and down in the Southern States, exploring institutions with which he had as much business as the man in the moon, and spying out the horrors, barbarities and sins of slavery, with a view of selling the same to the foreign and domestic consumers of Stowe literature in particular, and of wholesale slander and scandal generally.

"In that view of the case, the *reverend* N. Adams was a dirty customer, and did not deserve the consideration bestowed upon him by Mr. Wise. His impertinence, nevertheless, has got well rewarded; and if such Yankees as he had sensibilities less impervious than the hide of a rhinoceros, he would live many years of suffering before he would invite another such a scorching as this letter of his has brought upon his scaly back. Nevertheless, the obscure parson, with his thick Yankee hide, has got the best part of the bargain in this affair, in the sudden and enviable notoriety and distinction our old Virginian has given him. The advertisement his book has got from so prominent a Southern politician—one who is even mentioned for the exalted office of the Governor of Virginia—is worth $10,000 in hard California gold to his purse, and will prove a very balm of Gilead to wounded Yankee sensibilities. His reply to Mr. Wise displays anything but a bad temper, and the acute book publisher has already read in its chuckling irony, as plainly as if the words were printed in capitals: '*I have hit the nail on the head—that Virginian's letter will make my fortune.*' It has fished him up out of the slough of obscurity, and made him a celebrity in the land—a lion in the pulpit, in the lecture-room, in the book-stall."

Selections.

LIBERIA AS IT IS—BEHOLD THE PICTURE!

Correspondence of The New York Tribune.

MONROVIA, Liberia, March, 1854.

* * * * * * *

WE left the bay of New York on the 10th November, 1853, and arrived in the port of Monrovia on the 18th of December, after a passage of 38 days. Our company of emigrants consisted of the "Pennsylvania Enterprise Company," a superior set of men, at the head of which is the Rev. Samuel Williams, a man of extraordinary enterprise, industry and moral worth; and others from New York State, New Jersey and Connecticut. They consisted of 54 persons, men, women and children; and I may add that a finer looking, more intelligent and respectable body of coloured persons I never came in contact with. * * * Our eyes first rested on the verdant shores of Africa when about 200 miles distant from Monrovia, and perhaps for 100 miles or more we were in sight of land. The coast appeared one line of unbroken forest; except Cape Mount and a little insignificant hill called Half Cape Mount, there was nothing to relieve the monotony of the scene; no mountains, hills and craggy rocks—no noble rivers—no open forests. Our next object was to be first to view Monrovia. When about two days from the port, we came up with the ship Banshee, from Baltimore, with 275 emigrants on board (three having died on the passage). All but sixteen were destined for this place. We came in port and dropped anchor at 9 o'clock in the evening, while the Banshee, fearing to enter the harbour at night, stood out at sea and came in the next day. Thus arrived in one day, in this strange, ill-fated land of their ancestors, 329 Afric-Americans, to enter upon the trials and difficulties peculiar to one of the most unhealthy countries on the globe. Such was the excitement on board and eagerness to see the land, after we had cast anchor, that but few emigrants slept that night, many watching for the first dawn of day. When we came on deck, nothing could surpass the beauty of Cape Messurado, as it appeared robed in forests of deepest green, after the tornado and rain of the preceding night. At 9 o'clock we went on shore and were exceedingly delighted and happily surprised to find the appearance of the houses and town better than we had anticipated, and the trees along the streets and in the gardens laden with ripe oranges, cocoa-nuts, pine-apples, tamarinds, citrons and many other fruits I cannot name. Our company were highly delighted, and many remarked that nature had done her share. But yet on every side we could not avoid seeing, amid this beauty of prospect, the marks of decay and shameful neglect, and the almost entire absence of enterprise and industry. The harbour is poor and cannot be improved except by constructing a very expensive breakwater from some point of the cape into the sea. Close by the cape are the mouths of the Messurado River and Stockton Creek, two small streams branching out in a fork into the sea. As there is no bay in front of Monrovia, the surf throws an immense sand bar across the mouths of these rivers and in front of the town. Thus all ships must be laden and unladen from their anchorage by means of small boats of about ten or fifteen barrels capacity. You at once see that the discharge of a cargo here must be very different from what it would be in New York, especially when this is always done by a gang of lazy and nearly nude uncivilized natives, called crewmen, whose business it is to attend to such matters at 25 cts. a day, each man. From this you will easily perceive that where nearly all labour is performed by natives, and that so cheap, the value of American labour must necessarily be depreciated in the same proportion. Native labour is 25 cts. a day or $2 a month. American labouring men get from 50 cts. to $1 a day for hard labour. Mechanics from $1 to $2 per day. Females, as domestics in families, get 25 cts. a day, or $2 a month; but females with trades can make very good wages. At the same time, provisions are always very dear. As a sample, I will only name the prices of a few articles: Flour 10c. per lb., or from $12 to $15 a barrel. Butter from 50c. to 75c. per lb. Eggs 37½c. per dozen. Brown sugar 12c.; white 20c. per lb. Brown soap 25c. per lb. Adamantine candles 62½c. per lb. Pork, ham and bacon, 25c. per lb. Coffee 25c. per lb., and so of most other things except fresh beef and vegetables, which are about the same prices as in the States, but, since I have been here, generally *very* scarce, because the people raise everything on a small scale and are soon sold out. Sugar and coffee are raised here by a few persons, in considerable quantities, but so inadequate to the home demand that they sell 100 per cent. above the prices in the States. Small cattle, but good-sized ducks, chickens, turkeys, hogs, goats and sheep, are always seen running at large, disturbing the gardens, and seeming to belong to nobody. They are not fed or housed, nor the least cared for. And consequently, though they are as large as those in the States, they are very seldom fat. Why it is the people show no more interest in such matters, I am not yet able to learn. But it must be remembered that this country was settled and has ever since been replenished by people from the South, who, for the most part, were formerly slaves. Except the first vessel, in 1820, it is only about three years since any expedition came from the North, and already they have begun to make a mark of reform upon the people. Though I wish to state facts as they exist, I have no censure to cast upon these people. They have done as well as they could do under the circumstances, without education, without capital and the arts and sciences. They have done as well as their circumstances would allow, and have laid well a foundation on which other hands may erect in time a powerful republic. They earnestly desire men of capital, education, skill, and enterprise among them. *They are not benefited by the hundreds of poor miserable slaves that are thrown upon their shores, nearly all destitute of any means to help themselves.* The climate is not unfavourable to labour. The three months that I have been here are regarded as the hottest of the year, and yet the mercury in the shade has not risen above 90° nor fallen below 74°. During January and February it remained, to my surprise, almost stationary, only varying from 82° to 87°, except for three or four mornings, when the Hermattan winds were blowing strongly, at which times it fell to 74°. Although a "new-comer," I experienced no difficulty in working those two months. It was just about as it is in June and July in the States. True, my work was in-doors. In the two months, I took, for cash, $500 worth of daguerreotypes (my cheapest price being $3 for a common picture), besides being sick two weeks of the time. When the rains commence in June, I shall leave this and open an American store, in which I shall sell at 50 or 75 per cent. advance, instead of 100 and 200 per cent., as is now the custom, thus grinding the faces of the poor. I feel a delicacy in stating the above facts, but it is important that you should know that, although we must pay enormous prices for everything we buy, we also receive equally great prices for everything we sell. This brings me to the most important fact I have to communicate—that no man should come here without some capital of his own, independent of what aid he may get from the Society. *That* is good, so far as it goes; but it is not adequate to his necessary wants while going through the fever. Better go anywhere under the heavens than come here if he have not $200 or $300 in money, or some goods of that value, which is better than the money. *Ninety-five per cent. of all who come here with nothing endure suffering and death to an extent almost incredible.* Pin this fast, that with nothing you must suffer, with a few hundred dollars you may soon be worth thousands, with a few thousands you may be worth millions; for this is truly a great country, in which, by industry, to make money, if you have means to begin with. As to the unhealthiness, that can be removed. For instance, Stockton Creek extends from this city seven miles, entering into the St. Paul's; along its banks are the poison mangrove swamps, which, at low tide, bring poisonous odours and sickness to all "new-comers." This all regard as the great source of unhealthiness to this city. Give me $5,000, and, with the cheap labour of this country, I would not leave a root or branch of mangrove bushes to mark the spot. The elements of power and wealth are here, but no science, education nor capital to develop them. Let the North send us a few men of capital and enterprise, and, with the aid of these here, we shall soon show the nations such a country as will surprise them. * * * * * *

The four larger British steamers, one of which stops here once a month to and from England, carry freight, mails and passengers, at very high rates. And yet, on account of the quickness and the facilities these vessels afford, it is surprising what immense quantities of dry goods and provisions are constantly imported from England. And I regret that this must necessarily be the case for a long time, since we are a people entirely without manufactures, with no considerable commerce, with little development of agricultural, and none of mineral, resources; often distracted by border and intestine difficulties with the natives, and with no revenue by which the Government can make internal improvements. And this galls me most when I think our mother is rich in most respects, noble, generous and great; that, after giving us birth and consuming for herself our beauty, strength and manhood, she sends us in "foreign lands and realms unknown" to conquer climes, disease and poisoned air; to beard the lion in his den; to untusk the elephant, and drive from the graves of our thousand fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters dear, who have fallen on the way, the prowling, hungry hyenas. And here, in this dark and starless wilderness, which the hand of science and the arts and European civilization have toiled in vain to conquer, she leaves us unloved, unguarded and uncared for.

My next letter will be on Society—the manners and customs of the upper, middle and lower crusts, and the natives, who seem, for the most part, to belong nowhere; and, *if threats of some coloured friends, who warn me not to write freely,* do not stop here, I shall have to make some strictures on the Colonization Society, the Missionary Societies and the Rum Society, and the oppression of the natives and the poor Americans, and this I shall do alike unmoved by praise or blame. My daguerreotype shall be a true one, delineating truly all the lights and shades. * * * Though we have many privations on account of the want of industry here, we are as yet happier than we ever were in America, notwithstanding two of us have the acclimating fever now, and all of us have had it more or less during the last month. I hate oppression no less now than I did in America, and I repeat here, on this foreign land, what I have often said to some of you in conversation, that I love my wife and children as much as any of you, but, dear as I love them, I would rather, if need be, bury them on these free, sunny shores, myself alone at midnight, or trust them in the forest to the tender mercies of the African hyena and the tiger, than leave them as drudges in America, for the best condition that they could aspire to. * * When those who oppose us shall have here *suppressed freedom of speech and the press,* we shall then wander over the trackless desert and the ocean deep to find another asylum of Liberty. But they cannot starve us out in this naturally prolific country; because we can work with our hands as well as our head.

MONROVIA, Tuesday, June 20, 1854.

In my last communication I promised you this at an earlier date, not knowing then that I should have to encounter several attacks of the fever, and be left curtailed of twenty pounds of flesh, and so weak as scarcely able to guide my pen. For mere writing, where the author is not certain of pecuniary reward, nor even a just appreciation of his motives by those he addresses, it cannot be expected that he will (when sick half his time) feel ever ready to neglect private interest for the public good. * * * I can only give you a faint idea of what the African fever is. It assumes such a variety of forms, and attacks its subjects in so many different ways, that there can be no definite rule on which you can rely. Some persons take it one week after arrival, some at the expiration of five, six or seven weeks, and others at the close of so many months. Some regard themselves as acclimated in six, nine months or a year, and the majority not till they have lived here from two to four or six years. * * * *

As far as I am able to learn in my short experience of six months, society may be divided into three classes; the intelligent, respectable, wealthy and refined; the poor respectable labouring class, into which, on account of circumstances, an inferior class link themselves; and the native population, consisting of several tribes as Congoes, Eboes, Vies, Pessa, Goulah, &c. The first, for the most part, came here poor, but intelligent and respectable, and, having engaged in trade with the natives and in foreign commerce, have made themselves comparatively wealthy. They are very conservative, tenacious of their ancient rights and their old landmarks. And perhaps it is well for the young republic that they have been so. For, having the power to control all other classes beneath them, ambitious schemes and hasty measures might have thrown them into a state of despotism or anarchy, and brought them under the protection of some strong foreign power. Their freedom has inspired them with the desire and necessity of cultivating the intellect, and this they have done to an extent that they would not have aspired to under their oppression in America. From these are selected the government. They hold all the offices of power and influence, and have taken some pains to qualify themselves for such positions. But, having had no opposition till some recent Northern intruders came here to find a home, and having kept all matters of State, trade, agriculture and commerce, safe in nearly the same place, they have been apparently satisfied, if they only took care that the republic received no detriment. From this state of things has arisen a new party calling themselves Anti-Administrationists, consisting of a different class of men with different measures. They possess a large share of the talent and wealth of the community. Whether they are safe and judicious leaders and citizens remains to be seen. As I know but little about their politics, and have not sufficiently studied their men, principles and measures, I have had nothing to do with either party nor any matters of State. This first class of citizens (though not progressive in the American sense of the term) have more of the spirit of reform and progress than is exhibited in the other classes. But this, I suppose, is only because the other classes have felt themselves oppressed and discouraged, and until lately no one has dared to lead them, and thus have slumbered a will unexercised and daring thoughts suppressed. But the absolute necessity of radical reforms in all the departments of State, the opening of roads into the interior, harbour, river and other internal improvements, is so glaring, and so imperatively necessary for the present and future safety and happiness of the community, that the people have decreed that since they cannot compel the existing administration to do it, a new one must be elected that will. The ladies of this class will compare well with some of the first, but mainly with the middle, classes in the States. They are graceful in manner, intelligent in conversation, and writing and constantly improving, by means of private classes in the sciences, institute lectures, &c. And notwithstanding they are generally well instructed in the grammar of our language, many of them, from choice or habit, use certain inaccurate phrases peculiar to certain classes in the Southern States. But in this as well as in their better language they are very happy and graceful, both as to style and expression. With this first class the profession of religion is almost universal. In this, as in morals, they resemble (as far as one can see who is not behind the scenes) the first settlers in New England, while at the same time their general treatment of the natives, and the avariciousness of many of them in matters of business, seem wholly inconsistent with both of these virtues. Among the aged, in moral and manly virtues I have sometimes observed a strong contrast with the well-known character of the Puritan fathers, but in point of cultivated intellect, science and arts the comparison fails. The one combined among their numbers some persons connected with families of rank, wealth and education in their fatherland, and who were themselves to some extent scholars, artisans and mechanics, led on by men trained in the best institutions of their country. *The other were mainly bondmen, starred and worn-out, released and expatriated to a pestilential shore as a condition of freedom.* As a consequence, with all the lights of science pouring upon us, and our commercial relations with some of the most civilized nations, and with their examples of progress, development, and human destiny before us—with a soil beneath us whose bosom heaves with mineral and agricultural wealth—with a beautious sky whose sun warms and nourishes a most prolific land—and vies at eve with an Italian sunset—whose clouds weep tears of beauty on fruits and shrubs and trees of perpetual green and flowers that ever bloom, still, with all these and more, we cannot hold our way and keep apace with the least advanced of civilized nations. And why this? Because we never have had a fair start; and because, when we began the march of nations, we had none of the weapons of science and art * * * * The hospitality and benevolence of these people is of a practical kind, and in this they are as free and liberal as any people I have ever seen. *The misery and wretchedness of the hundreds of destitute slaves* sent to these shores is no evidence to the contrary; for it would be a matter of impossibility for them to sustain or even expect to relieve such a mass of wretchedness and destitution without suicide of themselves. Besides this, these poor people are generally all sent up the river to reside beyond the reach of their charity. The middle class are generally employed as labourers in various capacities, or as small merchants, three-cent traders and speculators. They have no capital to farm with, and many, if they had the means, would be too lazy. Some of them, having been a few of the freedmen of different expeditions who have escaped the grave, and having had nothing to commence life with after lingering through the fever, a habit of doing nothing has brought upon them a kind of lazy disposition. Some like these build a little wooden house, from six to twelve feet high, with a base about twenty feet by twelve; others a mud hut rudely thatched, worth about ten dollars, and there squat down for life, contented to earn enough only to get sufficient rice, cassadas and palm oil for subsistence; and many, more industrious, live out to work at common wages, make little gardens, take in washing, botch at various trades, work well as carpenters, farm with the hoe, raise poultry, ducks, hogs and hairy sheep, and engage in many other honest pursuits of industry. But among both classes may be found a few who resemble our regular built New York loafers. These persons in an infant state of society might properly be called nondescripts. The second class are generally a moral, religious and peaceable community.

The natives are a very interesting class, but *are not regarded as a part of the common people. They seem to be separated by a caste as great as that which divides the whites and coloured people in America;* and in some instances the caste makes a distance between the Afric-American and native as great almost as that between the Brahmins and Shudeas of India. This is a very great obstacle in the way of civilizing and Christianizing the natives. But in the present state of society it can be easily overcome. One hundred families only need to set a different example, and an independent press advocate their education and civilization, and a public sentiment would soon be formed making the present custom of treating them disgraceful and odious. My native young men receive wages, and dress sometimes so as not to be distinguished from Americans, and sit at the third table and eat with knives and forks, and do many other things as civilized people. To put them at the second table with our American girls would deprive us of both cook and nurse. But when they become more refined and we obtain better health, we shall advance them to the second table, even if we have to do our own cooking and nursing. For this little innovation we are censured by many persons here, *who claim that I wish to make the natives impudent, restless and discontented* in their present condition. All this I can bear and much more, for *I may expect a heavier shaft from America for disclosing these facts.* But let the people hear me through before they decide. I do not impute any blame to those who choose to act and think differently from me. This is their right. But, by example and whatever influence, I can lawfully command, I shall oppose error and oppression in high or low places. I do not claim to be alone in these reformatory affairs; there are many generous persons here, both old and new-comers, who are endeavouring to carry out these principles. *These natives are humble, subdued and servile creatures. They are employed in all families as domestic drudges, literally "hewers of wood and drawers of water."* They cook, wash, iron, take care of the children, and willingly do anything that is required of them. The less intelligent ones can always be had in any number, and will work for nothing, except the rice and palm-oil on which they subsist. Some few families allow them wages, and thus their servants are decently clothed. But nearly all (like thousands from the bush who visit this town for trade) wear nothing but a filthy rag, the size of a common cotton handkerchief, about their loins, or occasionally a dirty, greasy shirt; and in this state they perform all duties about houses. In some families they are allowed per day a quart of rice, some palm oil, and otherwise well fed. In other families they are poorly fed from mere scraps of rice and cassada. In others again they are not only worked nearly naked, but half-starved. *And in nearly all families it is customary to keep a rawhide or cat-o'-nine-tails handy, to flog them when they please. And this flogging, kicking and cuffing is done to a shameful extent by upstart boys, scolding, brainless women, and gentlemen of rank and standing, calling themselves Christians.* Not only the poor, but the rich, do the greater part of this castigation with impunity. Such a state of things appears strange to a new-comer; but when we become accustomed to seeing these things, we soon learn to think it no wrong, but a necessary evil. I have already seen sufficient evidence of the fact that the natives are susceptible of a high degree of moral and intellectual culture. Yet there have been but little means of any fair development. Missionary efforts have been mainly directed toward the Afric-Americans, and on them have left a hopeful impress, while the aborigines have been too much neglected, both by the missionary and the colonist. I am daily becoming more acquainted with their natural character and disposition, and hope soon to communicate with them better through the medium of their own language. They are a people of interest and promise, and I hope to refer to them again in some future communication.

By the way, I should have mentioned, in this connection, that the general custom of native boys, as they are called (men of age), is to sit on the ground floor of our mud-floored kitchens, and, in groups of two or four, eat their rice and palm oil from an old pot in which they cook it; they roll their food in balls and eat with their hands; at night they sleep on a mat in these kitchens or some old cellar; sometimes they sleep on country bedsteads or hammocks. In most of their habits they are decidedly heathen, and we are so absorbed with the love of gain that we do not do enough to change their customs.

MONROVIA, Tuesday, June 27, 1854.

IN a residence of six months in Liberia, I have met with nothing so "passing strange" as the fact that no one has made known to the American public the sufferings of Southern emigrants after their arrival here, the paucity of physicians, and in some instances their shameful neglect of duty. I am aware that this cannot be done without incurring the censure of some persons in this country who at present occupy high official stations; who have become influential and comparatively wealthy by conniving at these faults, and who for this have the full confidence of the Agents of the American Colonization Society. I know, too, that for my presumption in exposing these wrongs as the only means of reform, I must fall under the displeasure of these gentlemen, and perhaps of some few illiberal members of the Society. But I have a strong consolation in knowing that here I have the hearts and sympathies of the common people with me—the masses who are poor, whose letters of complaint have been unnoticed and kept from the public, and whose wrongs have never been redressed. There are thousands of colonizationists in the States, North and South, who contribute their money to the cause with the best and most benevolent motives—men who honestly wish to civilize, Christianize and bless Africa, and make free and happy her unfortunate descendants—men who have hearts in the right place, and always sympathize with crushed humanity, whether in Greece, Turkey, Hungary or Africa, and have no desire to send men to these unhealthy shores only to sicken and die for want of suitable food and medical attendance, while, if the promises of the Society were faithfully fulfilled, instead of thirty, forty, fifty, and sixty, not more than six per cent. of the emigrants would die. These gentlemen have a right to know the facts in the case. Senator Russell declares to me that he has written four times to the agents on this very subject, and has received no satisfaction. A few other citizens have written, and some emigrants have done so; but who has ever met with their complaints in any public paper, while some execrable cowards, who complain most of the Society and everything American, talk one thing here, and another thing to the States, to please the people, have their letters published in all the papers? Not only public but even all private letters of such persons as President Roberts, Judge Benson, and their adherents, are all given to the public, and then a brood of young aspirants for office and colonization patronage follow in the wake of their elder brethren. Even many new-comers will write fine things of this country which they never have seen, and of which they have only read.

> "They talk of beauties which they never saw,
> And fancy raptures they will never know."

"I would rather be right than President." I shall maintain the cause of God, truth, humanity, and the poor emigrant and native, regardless of consequences. I know that, by a different course, I could soon grow rich by the suffering and death of these poor people. For, in nearly every town and county, there is a one-man power; for that county, a man may hold all the offices of government, and, besides, be lawyer, merchant, judge, and agent for the Society, and, if he choose, it is not difficult to turn the money and effects of these people into his own coffers. But if I have health and the same amount of brains, I can become wealthy (if that be a virtue) without aid from the Colonization Society, this feeble government, or the men who see their daguerreotypes in the group I have pictured. For every mouthful of beef we get, we are all equally dependent on the natives. When they choose to "kick up a row" (which often happens), and make war among themselves, we can get no meat sometimes for months. We have no regular market; but when a beef is occasionally brought to market, I have seen six different hands pulling at two pounds of beef while the butcher was cutting it off, thus quarrelling, and playing a regular "grab game" for a little meat, and seldom is there anything like a supply. And why is this? Because scarcely any of the people in this city work, but nearly all sit down and depend on living by trade with the natives, and thus, while a few with capital grow rich, most of them live only from hand to mouth. Since all alike depend on the natives for their living, why need any one fear to do right for the value of the patronage of the Society, or the smiles of a few in transient power? Their policy with the natives has been an unwise one. The latter are not found in our schools, and seldom in our churches. One teacher tells me he has about sixty scholars, but not one native. While they give no encouragement to education among them, fearing they will get power some day, they sell them any quantity of muskets with which to blow out our brains; when a wiser policy would be to make it a penal offence to sell them muskets and powder, but educate them, regard them as men, and incorporate them in the community. There is but very little regard for poor emigrants; yet I value them most because they are the working-men, the bone and sinew of the community. They are the only men that would cultivate the soil and become the producers, and without such the country will only struggle on as now, in poverty, till it meets with some reverse, and falls as a colony into the hands of some European power. Think of the fact. We only live on the sea-board, or a few miles up the rivers. We have not a single road five miles into the interior. All the region behind us is land unknown. The hundreds of tribes in our rear have only to unite, and they can at any time drive us into the ocean. And yet, to hear the windy speeches of our orators, one might suppose that all Africa had been conquered, and our lone star banner unfurled in every country from the Cape of Good Hope to the Mediterranean, from Guardifui to Cape Verd.

When I published in the *Tribune*, in 1851, my views in favour of African colonization, I could not believe that the opponents of the scheme had uttered so much truth. In that communication, the only thing I have since found to regret was my advocacy of the proposed line of steamers to this coast, and this regret is only for the reason that there is as yet no suitable preparation made for emigrants as to the comfortable houses, and proper medical attendance, by the American Colonization Society nor the United States Government. Still, I have charity enough to believe that if the former and latter knew these things as they are, if the Society was not able, the Government itself, for humanity's sake, would do something to aid them. Many of us new-comers clapped our hands with joy that the Shirley, which has just arrived, brought no emigrants; but our joy was soon turned to sorrow when we learned that the Sophia Walker would soon arrive with a large number from Baltimore. Unfortunate wretches! What will they do in the midst of these driving rains, packed down in leaky huts in which gentlemen in the States would not keep their horses and favourite dogs. The state of things here, years ago, in regard to the treatment and suffering of emigrants was heart-rending and almost incredible, and yet no one who had not the means and opportunity to leave the country dared report them. They have greatly changed now for the better, and yet there is a dark chapter that never has been written. All the letters from Liberia, published in papers in the States, give too high a colouring to everything pertaining to this country. It is no Paradise, no Elysium, no Eldorado. It is the last refuge of the oppressed coloured man, and a country that could as easily have been subjugated by the whites, if they had no other, and were thus compelled to make the same sacrifice of thousands of lives. We Northern emigrants by the Isle de Cuba have fared well enough, and thus for ourselves have no very special public complaint. Our sufferings are nothing in the comparison. Having some means of our own, we have all resided at the Cape in Monrovia, where we could more easily obtain medical attendance, comfortable houses, and tolerably good food. Besides, we have all been within the reach of the kindness of the wealthy class of citizens, who have often favoured us in sickness by their kind offices, and with suitable and nourishing regimen which our money could not buy. The Banshee, with two hundred and seventy-three emigrants, arrived the same day we did, and the agent, Mr. Dennis, according to instructions from Washington, sent about two hundred of them up the St. Paul's river, crowding as many as possible into the United States' Receptacle, and scattering the rest along the banks of the river, into such houses as could be procured. And these are small huts—generally one story high, with only a single room, from ten to twelve feet square, and and into such a whole family, from five to twelve or fifteen, are placed. Many of these huts are built of twigs interwoven, and plastered outside with common mud. The thatched roofs let down any quantity of water on their beds, and often they are compelled to change their positions constantly, and hold their umbrellas to escape being saturated with rain. But what are the facts in regard to this United States' Receptacle? It is an old, shabby, rickety building, originally designed for the Pons captives, and since used by the Colonization Society for the reception and six months' residence of emigrants. It is only one story high, with a garret, and is built of brick. It contains twelve pens below, and four garret apartments. These rooms (if they deserve such a name) are about six feet by nine, having one small window without glass, which must be closed during the rains and at night, thus making a suitable dungeon for a murderer. Within these rooms I have seen nothing but an excuse for a bedstead made out of rough green saplings, lashed together with bark or rope, and stuck up against one side of each stall, about four feet from the floor. I first visited this place, and saw these stalls, about three weeks after my arrival in this country, and remarked to my friends, that if I had to stay in them, I should surely expect to die. I saw nothing else in these except what the emigrants had brought, and upon this baggage many of them had to make their seats. Some of these stalls contained each whole families of six to ten and fourteen. Dr. Jacob M. Moore, who was employed, by the agent here, to attend them for the six months, declared to me that they had no place to keep their provisions, except under their beds; and there, at any time, you would find their rations of salt beef, salt pork, rotten fish, &c., with all the other indescribable necessaries. Besides this, there are always some sick persons in bed. *This fever is no humbug.* It is a stern reality; and, of a family of six, after two months, they never will find three successive days that all of them are well, short of six or nine months. Thus I maintain that the best house in town, and the best of medical skill, and the best of fresh food, are nothing too good for an emigrant, if he can afford it, while passing through the ordeal of acclimation. But, such is the development of hope in the Afric-American (the Fowlers will sustain me) that whatever may be the suffering and misery he endures, as soon as he escapes them he forgets the past, and descants with rapture on the future. Who does not know how miserable, servile and degraded is the condition of the free coloured people in the States?—and yet, Messrs. Pennington, Fred. Douglass & Co. preach to these people the certainty of elevation, and social and political equality in America, while the million, educated free from their prejudices, could not come to such conclusions in their wildest dreams of philosophy. The former would accomplish much more good for our race if they would come over and help us correct the abuses and oppression here, and make this country what it might be, than by staying there, and wasting their energies in exhausting efforts which always avail nothing. I have just taken the pains to measure a hut one story high, with one room, and garret, twelve by sixteen feet, into which seventeen of the emigrants of the Banshee were placed, and in which they remained nearly two months, till the fever broke out, when they were separated, leaving ten in the hut. Another hut close by has four persons in one room, twelve by fourteen feet. This is the way they live. We think they have, in Mr. H. W. Dennis, an honest, upright, faithful and attentive agent; but there are no better houses to be obtained for small rent, and he is not furnished with any money by the Society, but is compelled to trade, and twist, and turn many ways to meet the cash payments for the rent, nursing, washing, &c., of the emigrants, or compel the Society's creditors to take trade goods and provisions when they do not want them. He has the confidence of this community, and we all think he will do right, and give satisfaction to the emigrants, to the full extent of the power and means conferred upon him by the Society. He is perhaps the only man here that does or ever did give his whole attention to this business exclusively. The emigrants by the Isla de Cuba have petitioned to the Directors of the New York State Society to send their friends in future to Mr. Dennis; but it seems to me unfair unless they also give him an additional small salary. Such a man, if he were white, possessing the same qualifications, would receive a salary of twelve or fifteen hundred dollars, while now he receives only six or seven hundred. Any man like him can make four times this amount by trade; and I shall be sorry for the poor emigrants if they lose him.

No class of men are more needed in this country than thoroughly educated and skilful physicians. I never have heard of a country in which life is so cheap. But here again is the one-man power. The Society employ regularly but one physician—Dr. Roberts—whose estimate of poor emigrants is very small. While he will visit some few of the reputed wealthy families of Northern emigrants three times a day uncalled, the majority of the rest can get no attention; and the poor Southern emigrants declare to me that they send and send, and send again, and he will not see them himself once in two or three weeks, and sometimes in two or three months, but he will send them a boy or heathen native with calomel, oil, and pills, and will doctor them in this way; and if these do not cure, they must die. One poor family and the single men of our expedition have been treated in this way. People here generally build houses by piece-meal, occupying some years in completion. The Doctor's time has been absorbed in building his house this year, and I think some years before. Now, in these circumstances, the Society should have employed some one to assist him in medical practice. This neglect of duty is partly owing to the want of competition and an independent supervision by some agent or commissioner who is too honest and brave to be influenced in favour of wrong by kind treatment, good wine, or splendid dinners. I have heard this same complaint twice, in whispers, in the States, and hundreds of times here. But poor men, as the mass of emigrants are, they dare not make any complaint public against the Society or its agents, or against the

in deluding a contented slave from a home for the sake of gain.

Let the citizens of this State frown down these offensive characters, destroy their inhuman pens, and the condition of our slaves will be much improved.

I have strayed, Mr. Editor, from my subject. The City Council met on Monday morning, and ordered a meeting of the people to protect their rights and property, for within five days the city has been fired in various portions of the town, and the alarm bell ropes cut; in the meantime seven or eight of our slaves were missing. This is intolerable. The meeting above was presided over by Mayor Dobyns. Resolutions passed, vigilance committees were appointed, exciting scenes transpired, which would not be in place to name here, and an iron will of determined reform seems to inspire one and all, under the brief and enthusiastic administration of Mayor Dobyns, who is untiring in enforcing the law maintaining our rights; and wherever his judicial talents and legal experience is wanting, he declares the city in the hands of the people. The law is somewhere in the books, and the people must rule and protect themselves, to the best of their knowledge and belief, on the first principles of nature's self-defence. May his reign of terror never end.

Startling disclosures were made to-day, regarding the late terrible powder explosion, with other acts of violence, known in the calendar of unhappy events in Maysville.

Your readers will be duly apprised of new discoveries and coming important news. Permit me to subscribe myself under the synonym, long familiar to the readers of the *Kentucky Yeoman*,

LEGATION.

The following, from the Cincinnati *Gazette*, relates to the kidnapping of Jane Moore in that city, and her transportation to Marysville:

A CASE OF KIDNAPPING.

On Friday night, a free coloured woman, named Jane Moore, whose sister lives on Sycamore, between Third and Fourth streets, was beaten and kidnapped by a man named Pritchard, of this county, aided by a Deputy Marshal of Covington. We learn the facts are these: Jane Moore had been living for a short time in the family of Pritchard as a servant. On Friday morning, Pritchard asked her for a small sum of money, which she gave him. He then left the house, and did not return till late at night, when, finding the house closed, he knocked at the door, which Jane opened. She was immediately knocked down and placed in a carriage which was in waiting, and driven rapidly across the river, where she was lodged in the Covington jail, as a *fugitive slave from Marysville, Ky.* The kidnappers said she had escaped some two weeks since.

The jailor was touched with the girl's story of her wrongs, and, being satisfied that she was a free woman, communicated her case to a prominent citizen of Covington, through whom her sisters were first apprised of her arrest. The same gentleman also secured the services of Messrs. Caldwell and Burrows, attorneys, of this city. Mr. Burrows repaired immediately to Covington, and had the girl taken before Mayor Foley, who heard the case with impartiality. The freedom of Jane was established, and an order was given by the Mayor for her release. In the meantime the kidnappers turned fugitives, and have not since been heard from.

INDIANA COURTS UPON THE RIGHTS OF NEGROES ON RAILROADS.

The regulations on the Jefferson Railroad Company, requiring coloured persons to produce evidence of their freedom before travelling on their road, has provoked much excited discussion. We quote as follows:

CLARK CIRCUIT COURT, November Term, 1854—Submitted upon an agreed statement of facts—Opinion of Judge Bicknell.

Obadiah Bukner vs. Jeffersonville Railroad Company.—In this case, the plaintiff, being a "coloured person," applied for, and offered to pay for, a passage on defendant's cars; defendant refused to carry him unless he would produce evidence of his freedom. The plaintiff in a suit before a Justice of the Peace, recovered twenty dollars damages for the refusal, and the defendant appealed to this Court.

The defendant is authorized to pass all by-laws which she may deem necessary to her business, not repugnant to the Constitution of the United States, or of Indiana; and at the time of the plaintiff's demand, she had a law declaring that the conductors on the road should not carry coloured persons, unless known to be free. Railway companies are common carriers of passengers, and in general are bound to carry all sober persons, of civil demeanour, who will pay their fare, and will comply with the reasonable regulations of the company.

The question in this suit is: Is the by-law aforesaid a reasonable regulation?

"Coloured persons" are persons having enough negro blood to be within the disabilities which are attached to that blood by the laws of Indiana. A negro cannot vote; he cannot be a citizen of this State; the Constitution declares that a foreign negro shall not enter Indiana; that all contracts made with such negro are void, and that he cannot be employed in Indiana, except under a penalty. A person having one-eighth or more of negro blood cannot be a witness in cases in which a white man is concerned.

The provisions are material to the determination of the questions in this suit. A rule may be reasonable when such laws exist, which would not be reasonable where the law makes no distinction between the races. The court is bound, whatever may be the opinion of the judge as to the humanity or policy of such laws, not merely to enforce them in the proper cases, but to consider their spirit and intention in collateral matters. Since, by the law of Indiana, such infamy attaches to negro blood that a coloured person cannot be received in the courts of justice where a white man is concerned, it would seem that a common carrier of passengers may reasonably refuse to carry any coloured persons in the cars in which white men are carried. It would also seem that such common carriers might reasonably refuse, in a State with such a constitution as ours, to carry even in separate cars any coloured persons except such as should show themselves lawful residents of the State.

But the by-law in question is less exclusive than this; it excludes those coloured persons only who refuse to furnish evidence of their freedom. In this State, under our laws, I think this a reasonable regulation, with which the plaintiff ought to have complied. The defendant is certainly not bound to carry runaway slaves; and although the legal presumption is that all persons are free, yet the fact being that some coloured persons are not free, it is reasonable that the matter should be settled in each case at the time the coloured person applies for his seat. I am therefore of opinion that the plaintiff has no cause of action, and that the judgment of the justice should be reversed.

GRAND CONSPIRACY TO MAKE KANSAS A SLAVE STATE.

From the St. Louis Intelligencer.

Some little surprise has been manifested in some quarters at Mr. Atchison's determination not to return to Washington City this winter. Occupying so prominent and important a post as that of President of the Senate, and by virtue of that being able to give direction to much valuable legislation for the country in general, and his constituents in particular, it was thought that the promptings of public duty and patriotism would have impelled him to return to his seat and play his part in the business of legislation. The idea was thrown out, however, that the desire to look after his political fortunes at Jefferson City, during the winter, was the motive that kept him in Missouri—and this conclusion has seemed for a while to prevail as the right one.

But new light begins to dawn. It is well known that Atchison already holds undisputed sway in the camp of the Anti-Bentons and that no one of that political faith has any thought of competing with him for Senatorial honours. It seems to be quite as well agreed that no sincere friend of Benton, elected to the Legislature, can be brought to "Compromise" on Atchison. The *Whigs* hold the fate of Atchison in their hands, and it can hardly be supposed that he, with all his inveterate and sturdy hostility to the Whig party, would stay at home to court Whig support in his election.

Rumours have lately been leaking out, both in Missouri and in the East, *connecting Senator Atchison with a secret "Filibuster" scheme to make a foray into Kansas territory, carrying the banner of "Slavery or Banishment," and forcibly dispossessing and expelling every man in that territory who will not bow the knee to the behests of the intolerant invaders.* We have been disposed to discredit this story, so irregular and lawless in its character.

But our faith begins to stagger. The old foundations of law and order are broken up, and passion and force rule the day.

We have been led to these reflections by the following remarkable disclosure, which has just been made to us by one of the best men in the State, a slaveholder, a Southern man, and for twenty years a Missourian. Every word written down by him may be implicitly relied on:

"——, Mo., Sunday, Nov. 12.

"I met, the other day, a friend of mine who is a ——. Entering into familiar conversation with me, he informed me that he, and others whom he did not name, had been diligently at work for twenty days in the service of a secret organization, spreading pretty much over the State, the object of which is to make Kansas a slave State.

"Knowing me to be a Southern man, and strongly imbued with Southern principles, he did not hesitate to ask my cooperation in the movement. He said that he was *sworn not to impart any of the purposes of this Society*, unless the individual approached would enter into the movement willingly. Declining to join this *new* institution without time for reflection, he referred me, for further information, to certain suspicious gentlemen, with whom, however, I am not likely to have any consultation.

"Now, I do not know that this affair is worth the paper I use in detailing it. I have thought it it not amiss to put you on the look out for developments. It is surrounded with plausibility sufficient to make me think there is something in it.

"The leading feature of the plan would probably to be transport a force from Missouri *when the time comes*, sufficient to accomplish the end desired.

"I take it that this is a move of Atchison and Stringfellow, with a few others of like mind; and it may be that your neighbours of the *Republican* know something about it.

"My strong conviction is, that Kansas can never be a slave State, although it might comport with the interest of Missouri for it to be made such. But I am firmly convinced that Kansas, if made a slave State by the violent irruption of citizens from another State, will never be admitted into the Union—and when that state of things is upon the country, we will have a tornado that will perhaps destroy the Union, and bring on us blasting civil war, laden with accumulated horrors and the desolation of generations."

So writes our friend. Being a hearty lover of the "Union as it is," he does not care to peril it for Kansas. And being a sincere supporter of the principle of the Nebraska bill, he wishes the *real* settlers in Kansas to regulate and establish their own institutions, and does not wish to have violent interference from any quarter. That Missourians should actually emigrate to Kansas, and carry their principles and slaves with them, he regards as legitimate and praiseworthy, and has not failed to commend. But that schemes and purposes are on foot, *locked under the terrors of an oath*, he regards as unwise and dangerous, for it is the prosperity and peace of *our* State, and the growth and trade of *our* city that must perish, if we get anarchy and civil war, through Atchison's means, on the West.

We throw this disclosure before the public for their judgment. We hold that if any measure is *right*, it has no need of darkness and concealment. The public will approve it. If the measure is *wrong*, let all good citizens use their influence to avert a state of strife and bloodshed in the West.

RATIONALE OF POLITICAL PARTIES.

The following is an extract from Mr. Bancroft's recent address before the New York Historical Society:

"In public life, by the side of the actual state of the world, which is its natural state, there exists the ideal state towards which it should tend. This antagonism lies at the foundation of all political parties that ever have been, or ever can be formed. The elements on which they rest, whether in monarchies, aristocracies, or in republics, are but three, not one of which can be wanting, or society falls to ruin. The course of human destiny is ever a rope of three strands. A party may found itself on things as they are, and strive for their unaltered perpetuity; this is conservatism, always apparent wherever established interests exist, and never capable of unmingled success, because finite things are always in motion. Or a party may be based on theoretic right, and struggle unrelentingly to conform society to the absolute law of Truth and Justice; and this, which is the party of enthusiasts, can likewise never perfectly succeed, because the materials of which society is composed partake of imperfection; and to extirpate all that is imperfect would lead to the destruction of society itself. And there may be a third party, which seeks to reconcile the two, but which yet can never thrive by itself, since it depends for its opportunity of activity on the previous antagonism of the others. Without all the three, the Fates could not spin their thread. As the motions of the solar world require the centripetal force, which by itself alone would draw all things into central confusion, the centrifugal force, which, if uncontrolled, would hurl the planets on a tangent into infinite space; and lastly, that reconciling adjustment which preserves the two powers in harmony—society always has within itself the elements of conservatism, of absolute right and of reform."

Reform! That is quite a new name for a very old party which used to be known by the less complimentary epithet of the *Trimmers*. In Cromwell's time they called themselves *Waiters upon Providence*. This is evidently the party to which Mr. Bancroft would indicate himself as belonging. Yet one who reads his oration through will see what an absurdity it would be to call him a Reformer, for he goes no further than to indicate his readiness to hurrah and throw up his hat for reforms—when they shall have been successfully achieved! He holds positively to the old and still prevailing Oriental doctrine that the man who succeeds is the favourite of God, and that possession is right, while the man who fails or loses is a fool, if not a villain, at any rate one whom God chooses to destroy. Does not the epithet, *Waiters upon Providence*, exactly describe such a party? especially that portion of it which holds the order of events to be a "celestial poem," of which one verse is just as admirable as any other? A very comfortable doctrine, by the way, not merely for Trimmers, but for rogues and rascals generally. A satisfactory doctrine enough, perhaps, for a man who is lounging half-asleep with a cigar in his mouth in a velvet easy chair in a luxuriously furnished study, but not quite so easy for wide awake men with those inconvenient gifts of judgment and a conscience, to reconcile what they feel and what they perceive as to the difference between good and evil, or right and wrong.—*Boston Telegraph.*

FRANCIS JACKSON TO JOHN H. PEARSON, ESQ.

BOSTON, Nov. 20, 1854

JOHN H. PEARSON, ESQ.—*Sir:* In some recent remarks of Judge Allen, he referred to you as "the notorious slave-catcher, John H. Pearson." Your letter of the 11th inst. shows a wish to screen yourself from this well-earned epithet, but as I know something of your aid and connivance, in the atrocious case to which the Judge alludes, I cannot allow you to evade the verdict of history and good men upon your conduct.

About eight years since, a young mulatto bid himself on board one of your ships from New Orleans. He was found on the voyage by the sailors, whom he begged not to betray him to the captain, saying he would rather die than be discovered before reaching Boston. He was, however, made known to the captain, who landed him on one of the islands of Boston harbour, and there illegally kept him in confinement. The poor fellow watched his opportunity, ran to the shore, threw himself into a boat, and reached South Boston Point. He was hotly pursued by your captain and his men, who after a hunt of about two miles, caught him near the Free Bridge. The bystanders were told that he had committed a theft, and that his pursuers were about to take him before a Magistrate for stealing. With this lie they robbed him of all aid and sympathy, and triumphantly bore off their confused and terrified victim.

Your agents then put him on board a boat, in which, during several days, they skulked about the islands and hiding places of the harbour, waiting for an opportunity to hurry him back to slavery.

In the published words of your captain, they "beat down to the outer islands in the harbour—an uninhabited pile of barren rocks—and remained hid in the gullies of the rocks."

All this was done, Mr. Pearson, with your knowledge, consent and connivance. Their object and yours was to kidnap the man, and unlawfully carry him back to slavery, and to set at defiance the laws of your own State, and the authority of the Supreme Court, whose writ of habeas corpus was in the hands of the proper officer. I know that it was done by your authority, for I myself, in company with two friends, called at your dwelling-house in Mount Vernon street, on Sunday evening, three days before your victim was finally smuggled off by your order. We represented to you the enormity of the case. We told you that as your captain was neither the owner of the slave nor the agent of the owner, he had no more right to seize the man, and send him back to Louisiana, than to do the same to one of us. We told you that the captain, or others in your employment, were then lurking about the islands of the lower harbour to avoid the proofs of the courts, and we told you that if the man was carried off, you were aiding and abetting in a State Prison offence. We implored your mercy and your respect for the laws. We told you that it required but a single word from you to have the man produced. You did not deny it, as indeed how could you? The captain had as soon dared to die, as to act without your sanction. He was the mere tool of the wealthy merchant.

You were as cold as a stone. You talked to us about the Constitution, and the misdeeds of the Abolitionists, but you utterly refused to raise a finger in behalf of the poor sufferer; on the contrary, you repeatedly said, "The man must go back," and accordingly that unhappy wretch was, for five long days, kept concealed as your prisoner in the caves and clefts of the rocks in the lower harbour, and was finally taken off in one of your vessels, and carried back to the tender mercies of a New Orleans master.

In the face of these facts, Mr. Pearson, how can you try to escape your responsibility as a "slave-catcher," by the thin artifice of saying, "I had no knowledge of *the transaction* till *some time* after it took place." "Some time"—what do you mean by "some time"? You had the whole statement from us three days before your agents finally carried the man off, and in your own letter, published in the *Courier*, of Oct. 14, 1846, you say that the captain "on his arrival" stated the circumstances of the slave being found, and you add, "I unhesitatingly replied, I knew of no other alternative but to send him back to his owners." Your captain's published letter of Sept. 16, 1846, says, "Messrs. Pearson & Co. *decided* that he must go back." Stick to your position honestly, Mr. Pearson, until you truly repent of it; and let us have no tampering with facts, which history will prize as illustrative of mercantile honour and morality in Boston, in the middle of the nineteenth century.

In your letter to Judge Allen, you say, "as to my taking him back in one of my vessels, I plead guilty"; all I can say to this is, that if you were to "plead guilty" to the same charge before a jury of your country, you would assuredly expiate your offence in the State prison; and you would then find that your excuse for committing it, namely, that the negro had no right to intrude himself into your vessel, would no more excuse you in law than it would in morals for kidnapping a man from Massachusetts ground into slavery.

As you have made your bed, so you must lie in it, till raised by a better spirit. But much as I abhor and scorn your act, yet I do not deem you a sinner above all other men. I am not sure but that some of your brother ship owners, in the Southern trade, would, like you, at any time send a poor brother, especially a poor coloured brother, into slavery, or even into the hands of the Spanish Inquisition, or to the Cannibal Islands, rather than endanger the profits of their carrying business.

And with this palliation, such as it is, I remain your well-wisher.

FRANCIS JACKSON.

THE SLAVE TRADE IN NEW YORK.

Captain Smith, said to be a naturalized citizen of the United States, has been convicted in the U. S. Court of having been engaged in the *Slave Trade*, and is now awaiting the sentence of death which the law awards to that offence. It was sworn, on his trial, that the Secretary of the Portuguese Consul at this port accompanied Captain Smith to Boston, and paid for the vessel which was to be engaged in this nefarious traffic. The motion now pending for a new trial of Captain S. is based partly on the assumption that the Portuguese Consul, a foreigner, was part owner of the ship. And being himself called to the stand, the Portuguese Consul *refused to answer*, when asked whether he was interested in that vessel, or whether he had been in any way concerned in fitting out ships for the African slave trade.

We respectfully submit to the Government at Washington, and to the public, that the facts thus disclosed demand attention. Our laws brand the African slave trade as piracy—and our citizens, if convicted of being engaged in it, are punished by death. Yet the Consul of a Foreign Power is permitted to reside officially at this port, after there is reason to believe that he is himself engaged in this traffic, and that the facilities of his office are used for the aid and protection of those who carry it on. If the Portuguese Consul is in any way connected with the slave trade, his official presence in this country is an outrage which no Government, in the least degree mindful of its own honour, would tolerate for a moment. The testimony submitted in the case of Captain Smith, and the Consul's refusal to answer the questions put to him upon this subject, constitute ground of suspicion so strong as to render the indifference of the authorities highly criminal. It is the duty of the District Attorney to bring this matter to the attention of the Secretary of State; and we cannot doubt that his action upon it would be prompt and decisive.

Our laws in regard to the slave trade apply exclusively to American citizens, and to vessels owned in whole or in part by them. In the case of Captain Smith the attempt is still made to prove that he was not an American citizen, and that the vessel was owned by foreigners. Either point, if established, relieves him from responsibility. Our laws in this respect give free impunity to foreigners for offences which, if committed by our own citizens, are punished with death. Foreigners are perfectly free, so far as our laws against this traffic are concerned, to fit out vessels in this port *ad libitum* to carry on the slave trade with the coast of Africa.

We have not the slightest doubt *there are hundreds of Portuguese, merchants and others, in this city, who are constantly and largely engaged in this traffic;* who carry it on as their regular business—who grow rich by it, and live in splendid style, and claim and hold high rank in the rich circles of our metropolis by virtue of their wealth thus acquired. We believe this fact is very generally known—and that not a month passes in which vessels are not cleared at the Custom House, of whose destination and employment in the slave trade, the houses who ship crews for them, and even the officials who prepare and sign their papers, are morally certain. This city and Baltimore are now, and have been for years, the great head-quarters of the African slave trade. In the face of all our laws—in defiance of our treaty stipulations and in contempt of armed cruisers and men-of-war, that piratical traffic is largely carried on by ships fitted out in American ports, and under the protection of the American flag.

If the authorities plead that they cannot stop this, they simply confess their own imbecility. If they will not do it, the moral guilt they incur is scarcely less than that of the slave-traders themselves.—*Times.*

AN INTERESTING TRIAL.

From The Southern (S. C.) Patriot.

Some fourteen years ago, a Mr. Darby, of Chester district, purchased a girl called Lucy, who was carried to that neighbourhood by a man named Thompson, said to have been seen in Washington, D. C., as late as 1851, practising law. The girl had the looks of an Indian, but was sold to him as a negro. She ran away repeatedly, telling her playmates she was an Indian. Some three or four years ago, she was lodged in jail in Columbia as a runaway, and advertised. Her owner came for her, and was required to show his bill of sale, which was not considered altogether satisfactory. Several citizens were impressed by the girl's appearance, and advised the jailor not to give her up, as she evidently was an Indian. He applied to Governor Means for advice, and the Governor directed him to stand a suit, and let the case be decided by an appeal to evidence. Governor Manning also, upon coming into office, expressed an interest in the trial, as one involving important rights to the girl.

After long delays, by the party claiming her, to produce evidence, the case was tried at the late term. Some three years since, an old Cherokee chief visited Columbia, upon hearing that an Indian girl was in jail. He said that, fourteen years ago, while his tribe was on the way from North Carolina to Arkansas, an Indian girl, about four years old, was stolen from his party; that great distress was caused to her parents; that she was the child of his sister's daughter, and that her name was Lut-se: that he came to Columbia with the hope of seeing Lut-se, and that, as soon as he laid eyes on her, his heart was rejoiced to see the face of his sister's daughter; that this girl is Lut-se, and she is as much like her mother as her mother's sister's children are like her mother's sister.

The chief's name is Inaluskie. The old man removed eight years ago from Arkansas, and now lives in North Carolina. He was a captain under Gen. Jackson at the battle of the Horse-shoe Bend, where he commanded 130 warriors, and fought with much distinction. Commissions were read for several chiefs of tribes now in North Carolina, stating that a girl named Lut-se was stolen from one of their party about fourteen years ago. A commission was read of the examination of a Mrs. Carter, the wife of a man who purchased the girl from Thompson and sold her to Darby.

In this she stated that, learning from her children that the girl said she was an Indian, she called her up and questioned her about it, when she said "No," she was not Indian, but her mother was negro. This was offered as evidence, and strange to say, admitted. But it had the opposite effect of what was intended. As it was clear that among her playmates the girl told the truth, and to her master or mistress she evidently had been taught to say otherwise. Evidence was brought forward that she had for fourteen years, been in Chester, in possession of Derby, working as a negro, and so considered, although called "Darby's Indian."

The most striking testimony adduced in the case, was that by our distinguished, talented and scientific townsman, Dr. R. D. Gibbes. This is not only mine, but the opinion of others. He understands the anatomy of our race as well as I know my multiplication table. As proof of my declaration, he was put upon the stand and called upon to explain the ethnological distinctions of races. He was asked to point out the characteristics of the Indian and Negro, which he did very minutely and fully, and in a manner to bring conviction to the whole assembled crowd. He exhibited a cast of an Indian skull—an aboriginal—said to be from one in the Academy of Science in Philadelphia, from a mound in Ohio. He explained all its characteristics, and then called up the old Chief and Interpreter, and showed the identity with their heads. He then compared it and their heads with that of Lucy, and established them all as of the same type.

He then handled a negro skull and demonstrated clearly the peculiarities, and showed by comparison the marked difference between them. He explained the prominent difference in the anatomical structure of the different parts of the body, and gave an exceedingly interesting account of the distinction in the hair of the Caucasian, Indian and Negro races. He stated a very curious fact, as resulting from microscopical observation, that in mulatto cross the hair of one or the other parent was present, and sometimes hairs of both, but never a mongrel hair; that no amalgamated hair existed; that as often the mulatto had straight hair as kinky. He stated that the microscope revealed that the hair of the white race was, when transversely divided, oval, that of the Indians circular, and that of the Negro eccentrically elliptical, with flattened edges; that of the Negro was not hair, but wool, and capable of being felted; that the colouring matter of true hair was an internal tube, while in the Negro it was in the epidermis or scales covering the shaft of the hair.

In corroboration of his statement that both white and negro hair were sometimes found in the same head, a singular case was mentioned in my hearing, by Dr. W. He stated that he once attended a half-bread Indian and negro, who had straight Indian hair. He was ill, and had his head shaved and blistered. On his recovery when his hair grew out it was negro hair, crisped and wiry.

These are very curious facts, and of much importance in the distinction of races.

The counsel of the plaintiff proposed and insisted on Dr. Gibbes to give the facts as to the hair of grades of blood; but as said he had not examined by the microscope any but the half-breeds. It is to be hoped that full investigation will be made of this subject, and the facts published.

On the whole, the evidence set forth by Dr. Gibbes was extremely interesting, and developed some facts I never heard of before. There has been but one opinion expressed in relation to it.

The Jury decided in favour of the girl's being Indian, and she left Columbia next day with the old chief on her way to Arkansas, to her parents and friends. Gov. Means was so convicted that the girl was Indian, that he was heard to say that, if the case was decided against her, he would buy her and set her free. This feeling seemed to pervade the community, and it is more than probable that, had the case been decided against her, the citizens would have freed her.

Escape of a Slave from New Orleans—His Arrival in Savannah.—On Tuesday evening last, the ship James Brown, Capt. Wm. H. Wilson, arrived at Tybee and anchored inside the bar. She was bound from New Orleans to Liverpool, having left the former port on the 5th inst. We learn from Capt. Wilson that when the ship was out some four or five days, he discovered a slave on board, who says his name is Richard Sheppard, and that he is owned in New Orleans by a Mr. John Brown. As soon as Capt. Wilson discovered the negro, he determined to place him on the first vessel bound south, and for that purpose stood off and on in the gulf stream for some five or six days, but not meeting a vessel, he determined to put into this port, and arrived here as stated above. Capt. Wilson brought the slave up to the city, yesterday morning, in a pilot boat, and gave him in charge of Constable D. H. Galloway, who committed him to jail to await the order of his owner.

Sheppard was at one time a resident of this city. Last summer he ran away from New Orleans, and was caught in Mobile. He is a stevedore by trade. He was employed at New Orleans in loading the ship James Brown, and the day previous to her departure secreted himself on board. Much credit is due to Capt. Wilson, who is a native of Boston, for his exertions in returning this slave to his owner. His ship, which is owned in Philadelphia by Stephen Baldwin and himself, has not only been detained some eight or ten days from pursuing her voyage, but subjected to considerable expense in entering and leaving our harbour. Such conduct not only entitles Capt. Wilson to the confidence and respect of the southern public, but should, as we trust it will, be requited with full indemnity for the pecuniary sacrifice to which he has been subjected.—*Savannah News, Nov.* 23.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DEC. 2, 1854.

Wendell Phillips in Philadelphia.—Among the attractions of the Philadelphia Bazaar, this year, will be the presence of Wendell Phillips, who is advertised to speak on Friday and Saturday evenings, the 8th and 9th of December. This announcement, we should think, would be sufficient to bring out the Pennsylvanians in large numbers. It is not often that they have the opportunity of hearing this gifted and eloquent advocate of human rights, and now that it is offered them, it is not to be supposed that they will hesitate to avail themselves of it.

It is a curious, and not an unprofitable, speculation to consider what change in the relations of things is to be wrought by the political deluge which has just swept away the old political landmarks. The windows of the Heavens have been opened and the fountains of the great deep broken up with a vengeance, and the old world of politics, in the Free States, at least, laid waste, and left the few survivors sadly contemplating the wreck of their deep-laid plans and long-cherished hopes. The corruptions and abominations of that World before the Flood, indeed, were sufficient to lead any moderate believer in Divine justice to expect that some measure of vengeance must be meted out to them. It had defied the Lord God so insolently, in its denial of His supremacy and in its exalting their own devices and imaginations above His eternal law, and so small a remnant had even ventured so much as to try and argue that their organic wickedness was not what it had been deliberately ordained and solemnly adjudged to be, that no judicial blindness and no confusion of tongues or of hearts that had overtaken its inhabitants could have been disproportioned to the offence. The Whig and Democratic parties have, for twenty years gone by, been making the hearts and souls of three millions of God's children, as good in His eyes as themselves, the pawns and counters, the cards and the dice, with which they have played their gambling game, for the great stakes of National authority. They have each of them in turn, and both of them together, agreed to be the ready dupes of the more astute gamesters who own the materials with which the gambling is conducted, so that they might receive a moderate proportion of the winnings for their reward. Chicanery, duplicity, craft, fraud, hypocrisy and a cruel disregard of the rights of the most helpless of the helpless, have been branded deep into the forehead of both of these impudent parties, and it is a refreshment to the spirit to see that justice has overtaken them at last.

Their destruction has come suddenly upon them, and no just man can pity them. It is true that the occasion which has been taken against them is but a shade less black and a degree less despicable than that of which they had always been willing to avail themselves. They had built up their hopes of partisan success and of personal plunder on the consent they had been ready to give that certain weak inhabitants of the land should be deprived of their rights on account of the colour of their skin and of the cruelties of which they were the prescriptive victims. These hopes have been blighted and disappointed by means of a new party agreeing with each other to trample upon a certain other weak portion of the inhabitants of the land, because of the country in which they were born and the religion in which they had been educated. Some element of hypocrisy and tyranny seems to be an essential expedient in any American political organization that looks to success. Of course, we do not mean to compare the actual degradation or oppression of the Irish Catholics, where dangerous principles and conduct are the pretence of this revolutionary movement, with those the slaves endure. But the principle, or the necessity, which demands that an American party, in order to be successful, should put their feet on the necks of the few, the ignorant and the feeble, is satisfied in the one case as in the other. It is not necessary to say that we regard this fear of Foreign Influence as the merest pretence and hypocrisy. There may be, in remote districts, a few honest fanatics, nay, there may be a good many among the rank and file, who really believe that two million Catholics can put twenty million Protestants to flight, and inaugurate a new St. Bartholomew's Day for it; but it would be an insult to the intelligent and experienced leaders, who have conducted the movement to the success it has already achieved, and who propose to lead it up to yet loftier heights, to suppose that they have ever shared in such absurd terrors. It would be as wild a supposition as that Mr. Webster and the men of the Compromise of 1850 really believed that the Union was in danger and only to be saved by that fatal nostrum.

We Abolitionists have often been urgently entreated to join one or another of the political parties which made a profession of making the Rights of the Free, if not the Liberties of the Slaves, a main object of their schemes. And we have been regarded as pragmatical and impractical, because we could never see our way clear to help any man to office, for any purpose, who must first step on the prostrate body of the slave as the only bridge that led to the Paradise of office. We declined helping the Whigs when they put on their best Anti-Slavery looks, and we have had our wisdom justified by the Election of Taylor, by the Seventh of March, and by all the submissions of the Northern Whig States to the insults of the Slavecatchers. We even resented the voice of the charmer that charmed so wisely in 1848, and declined casting in our lot with a party that limited its scheme of policy to keeping Slavery where it is in the country, and submitting to it where it is in the Constitution. We have never doubted the policy of our course, as we have never hesitated as to its correctness. And now that we see chosen chiefs and leaders of that party uniting in the new Crusade against a minority of their inhabitants, because of the colour of their opinions and the place of their nativity, we cannot think our prophetic souls led us astray when they bade us beware of such leadership. We are not a numerous body; but we have stood together longer than any party in the field, without change of banner or of war-cry. And we think that there was never a time that called for more patient and persevering endurance in this well-doing than this ignorant present.

That any general or particular good can come to the Anti-Slavery Movement from this late triumph of the Native Americanism, there is no reason to hope. The tone of its organs and of its orators is the same as that of the old parties when trying to conciliate the god of the South. Disclaimers of every issue besides that growing out of their *Alienophobia*, asseverations that their course knows no North, South, East or West, and vapouring protestations of fidelity to the Union, make up the staple of the web they weave. We know by long experience what all this means. We are not such Know-Nothings as not to understand that when a man or a party says, "No North, South, East or West," it means just what the man that first said it meant, that it is *all* South, and the other points of the compass have no political existence. And when a politician brags about the Union, he is understood to mean, whether he do or not, that he is ready to catch negroes, and nothing else. Besides this, the Slaveholders are getting ready, nay, they are already in the field, to lay hold upon this new Order, and to make it the tool of its own purposes, as they have done with all that went before it. The Slaveholders will inevitably nominate their candidate for the next Presidency, and the platform must be such a one as the Slaveholding Choice can stand on. What can be hoped from such an organization? Will the Free Soilers who have gone into the new party have the grace to come out of it, as they did out of their old ones? We fear that the strength will have gone out of them that enabled them in that hour. But at any rate, they cannot undo the mischief which they have enabled this great new pro-slavery party to work.

It is possible, though we do not believe it, that in some of the Northern States a better legislation for the protection of freedom may be had. We do not see any reason for expecting much in this way, considering the materials of which the new party is made up. When any such blessing occurs, we will not fail to welcome it, and to give all concerned in procuring it all the credit they may deserve. But our chiefest reliance is in the power of repulsion which must be strong in a body so strangely compacted, in proportion to the forced attraction that compelled it together. When they quarrel, as quarrel they must, there is a hope that parties may take up their natural relations, and the North and the South stand fairly and openly face to face, on the only real issue that exists, Slavery and Anti-Slavery. In the discomfiture of the Whigs and Democrats, we rejoice; but it is a joy that derives no relish from the triumph of the Know-Nothings. We shall look upon their disintegration and demolition, after the course which they needs must run after the beginning they have made, with the same satisfaction with which we have witnessed their dealings with their adversaries. From this latest passage of history, as well as from all that have gone before it, we feel our faith in the position of the American Anti-Slavery Society increased from strength to strength. No political parties, under the existing Constitution, can do any Anti-Slavery work. That work is to be done over and in despite of the Constitution. It can only be done by the conversion of the hearts of the people from their indifference to slavery and their prejudices against the slaves, and by their awakening to their own personal and political dangers, under the present state of things. This is a work wholly aside from American politics. How can these saving truths be preached by men who swear every time they vote that they will maintain the rights of Slavery as incorporated with the Constitution. This is a service that must be approached with pure hands. This is a Faith that must be preached by a priesthood undefiled by the meats offered unto the Idol. This Mission is the office of the American Anti-Slavery Society. It is called to be a Voice crying in the Wilderness, warning the People to Repent and Flee from the Wrath sure to Come. Until they repent, there is no hope of their forsaking their evil ways, and it is no part of our philosophy to help them to do an evil that they may help undo it. And when their minds and hearts are changed, we have no fear that the change will not be instantly seen in the outward institutions which now express them fitly.

An Impostor.—The *Independent* cautions the public against a coloured man calling himself Peter Watson, who attempts to pass himself off upon the benevolent as a fugitive slave, on his way to Canada. He is tall, broad-shouldered, quite black, has rather a sheepish look, appears stupid and timid. He professes to have come from the vicinity of Richmond, Va., by way of Pennsylvania, and has papers purporting to be from gentlemen in Philadelphia and in Jersey city, and addressed to well-known philanthropists in several of the Northern States. He does not ask for money, or even for food and shelter, but only to be directed to A, B, or C, upon his list; but his object is to work on the sympathies of the benevolent, so as to get both clothing, food and money. He easily affects fears of discovery and apprehension, and professes entire ignorance of the city and the country. Sometimes he calls himself Dutton. He always hails last from Jersey city. He has practised his tricks at intervals for seven years. Twice he was sent to Blackwell's Island as a vagrant; once on complaint of the late Isaac T. Hopper. He has recently appeared again in this city. As he carries forged papers of recommendation, he is a fit subject for the police and the Tombs.

PIETY, PIRACY and ——.

Within a year past, those who are familiar with the current literature of the South have seen from many quarters, of high influence and respectability, the serious proposition for a re-establishment of the foreign slave trade, of course to be prefaced by a repeal of those portions of our code which now brand and punish it as *piracy*.

Of course, there is nothing strange in this, looked at as a development of character in the slaveholders; to be sure, we did not think that they would be *able* to revive a traffic that has been pronounced infamous by the civilization and humanity of the nineteenth century; but their *willingness* to do this if permitted, or if they could raise a party strong enough to keep each other in countenance, maugre the contempt of the world without, was a self-evident thing. It is probable that the men who systematically live by their shameful living by binding their fellow-men, their neighbour, and forcing him, with the scourge, to work for them, will hesitate to do this on the coast of Africa any more than on that of America? The intelligent slaveholder will, of course, be a kidnapper and a slave-trader when circumstances favour that line of business. This need surprise nobody.

As little need we be surprised at the fact which has all along existed, contemporaneously with slavery, that those ministers who deliberately settle over parishes composed of slaveholders (knowing that immediate expulsion, probably with personal outrage, would be the result of any testimony against slavery) should defend that institution, when they have occasion to speak of it at all. This also was clearly to be expected, considering the power and influence of popular opinion in this country. "Like people, like priest."

Neither is it wonderful that the great associations for theological proselytism, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, and the Home Missionary, Tract and Sunday School Societies, which seek patronage from the South as well as the North, should try to conciliate slaveholders by silence, even carried to the length of cutting out expressions favourable to liberty from their reprints of standard authors. We are not authorized to expect from them, more than from men in other occupations, a sacrifice of the profits of their business to principle.

But it *is* rather strange that, of three Northern clergymen who have recently been endeavouring to establish the right of slaveholding on the authority of the Bible, and to erect a basis of religious argument for it, *two* have affirmed that if any accident, or the unwelcome success of fanatical philanthropy, should liberate the negroes, it would be necessary again to enslave them, and *one* has suggested, as a thing both right and expedient at the present time, the re-establishment of the slave trade with Africa. The evidence respecting the one last mentioned (Rev. Nehemiah Adams, of Boston) was given in this paper last week, in some quotations from a "South-side View of Slavery." Of his associate in the idea of re-enslaving emancipated persons (Rev. Nathan Lord, President of Dartmouth College) we have now a few words to say.

A few months ago, there appeared, in Boston, an anonymous pamphlet (a notice and abstract of which appeared in the *Standard* of Oct. 28th) entitled "A Letter of Inquiry to Ministers of the Gospel, of all denominations, on Slavery. By a Northern Presbyter." This letter was literally an *Inquiry*, and nothing else. It was a note of interrogation thirty-two pages long, suggesting *whether it does not especially concern ministers of the Gospel to consider the question of slavery, from its origin and foundations, as a question of Divine right;* that is to say, *whether slavery is not an institution of God according to Natural Religion, and whether it is not also a positive institution of Revealed Religion.*

The positions of this letter having been controverted by the editor of the *Vermont Chronicle*, another note of interrogation, nearly four columns long, appeared in that paper from "A Northern Presbyter" in reply and defence; and these views being still further opposed by the editor, another communication appeared, *more* than four columns long, signed N. Lord, and dated Dartmouth College, in which the writer declared not only his authorship of the former communications, but that he seriously and firmly held the opinions there suggested by interrogation.

Among the statements thus firmly believed and argued for by President Lord are the following:

That slavery, being God's institution, of course violates no rights of man;

*That if slavery be a 'mal

before the same audience, and quoted the sentiment as above stated, and commented upon it as one of the most atrocious ever uttered, and not a single person denied that it had been spoken. And now, after three years (not six, as he represents, or as you report him), this venerable gentleman grows warm in rebuking those who thus understood him and reported him, as *slanderers*. Truly this is a hopeful sign for the cause of humanity. But the good Doctor, before he brings this sweeping charge of slander, ought to reflect that other persons are no less tender of their reputation than himself. I, for one, am very little disposed to sit down quietly for six, or even for three, years under the imputation of being a slanderer, and of having for six years rolled a lie as a sweet morsel under my tongue.

"ONE WHO HEARD HIM.

"Lynn, November 24."

It is true, as the Doctor says, that a hearer might mistake the word mother for brother; but is it not equally true that he, in the ardour of delivery, might have pronounced the former instead of the latter? At least is not this a far more probable supposition than that so many ears should have failed to understand him?

A LETTER FROM THE SOUTH.

To the Editors of the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

LIBERTY LODGE, SLAVE STATES, Nov. 1, 1854.

THE Wandering Gentile has at length reached his southern home, and thereby ended his journeyings—for the present year! Since I copied the last extracts that I sent you from my diary, I have travelled several hundreds of miles, and have spoken with several hundreds of bondsmen on the subject of slavery. I have travelled both by land and water; by railroad and on foot. For ten consecutive days, I travelled on foot in the States of North and South Carolina—from whence I sailed to my watchtower here. I claim, therefore, the right I have sought to acquire by many long and weary journeys, and innumerable conversations with persons of colour, in Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia, of speaking for the slaves of the Atlantic Southern States as with the voice of one having knowledge and not as the politicians. I have partaken of their bread and slept in their cabins; have trusted them and been trusted by them. I have spoken, also, with the slavers, as well as with the slaves.

Brothers! Rejoice—*and work!* Wherever I have gone, I have found the bondsmen discontented, and the slaveholders secretly dismayed at our recent victories in the Northern States. Little did many of them think, as they confessed to each other in my presence, that "the fanatics" would force them to abolish slavery before many years were over—little did they think that they were talking in the company of an Abolition Spy! of one who solemnly swore, when a child, to devote his life to avenging the oppressed; and who glories in betraying tyrants. If I had recorded all the sayings of the slaves I have met with, and chronicled the confessions of all the slavers I have talked with, it would, I am convinced, have given great delight to our good and brave friend, Mr. Garrison, who so nobly began the holy war of freedom when no cheering sign encouraged the philanthropist's exertions. Rejoice, brothers! for our labours have not been in vain; and WORK with renewed zeal, for the final struggle is at hand!

For reasons that I do not think it necessary to explain, I will not, *at present*, describe the incidents of my journey. I shall merely state a few facts that I gathered in the course of my wanderings, and add a few remarks on the programme of Mr. Phillips and Mr. Seward. NORTH CAROLINA COULD BE INVOLUNTARILY MADE A MEMBER OF THE FREE STATES BY A GENERAL STAMPEDE OF THE SLAVES, if the Abolitionists would send down a trusty Band of "Liberators," provided with compasses, pistols and a little money for the fugitives. I am convinced that Virginia is equally at our mercy; but I am ready to vouch for North Carolina. I questioned the slaves of that State on this subject almost exclusively.

Christmas is a good season for the distribution of such gifts—as, at that time, the Virginia and North Carolina slaves, who are hired South during the year, are near to the North, by being at their owner's residence.

If the Abolitionists of Boston and New York could secure the cooperation of the Captains of vessels that sail to southern ports, several hundreds of slaves could easily be liberated every month. It would be necessary for Liberators, however, to act in concert with the Captains. Can you secure such cooperation?

The Manchester and Wilmington Railroad owns the majority of the slaves who work on that line. Their allowance varies, as it depends on the overseers. The average allowance is—one peck of Indian meal and two pounds and a half of bacon a week; two suits of clothes, a blanket and a hat a year. No money. This road runs through the most desolate-looking country in the Union. Nothing but pine trees can be seen from Wilmington until you enter South Carolina, when a pleasant change is visible. In the pine tree country, the slaves are employed in manufacturing turpentine. The allowance of the "turpentine hands" varies very much. Slaves everywhere in the rural districts of Virginia, the Carolinas and Georgia, receive one peck of Indian meal per week. On the turpentine plantations, some "bosses" allowed in addition one quart of molasses and five pounds of pork; others, the quart of molasses and three pounds of pork; others again, two pounds or two pounds and a half without the molasses. On many plantations, the slaves are allowed one peck of meal a week, without any other provisions. In such cases, I believe, they are generally permitted to keep poultry, whose eggs they dispose of on Sundays; and with the money they buy pork or vegetables. They bake the meal into cakes, or dumplings, or use it to make mush with. One peck of meal is as much as any person can consume in a week: no slave ever complained to me of the quantity of his allowance. Several who received no pork, or only two pounds a fortnight, complained that "we's not fed 'nuf, massa, for the work they takes out on us," and others said the sameness of the diet was sickening. Everywhere, however, the slaves receive one peck of meal a week; nowhere, except in cities and on some turpentine plantations, do they receive any money. I heard of one man—a hard taskmaster, too, it was said—who gave his hands $50 a year, if they each performed a certain extra amount of labour. This is the only instance of such conduct I ever heard of. The only money ever given to hired-out slaves—plantation hands *never* have money—is at Christmas, when some owners give their hands $10 or $15. The majority, however, give not one cent.

The "Railroad hands" sleep in miserable shanties along the line. Their bed is an inclined board—nothing softer, as I can certify from my own experience. Their covering is a blanket. The fire-places in these cabins often are so clumsily constructed that the heat ascends the chimney instead of diffusing itself in the cabin. In such cases, the temperature of the cabin is bitterly cold at night. I frequently awoke, at all hours, shivering, and found shivering slaves huddled up near the fire. Of course, as the boys are not released from their work until sunset, and as, after coming to their cabin, they have to cook their food, these huts are not remarkable for their cleanly appearance. Poor fellows! in that God-forsaken section of country, they seldom see a woman from Christmas to Christmas! If they are married men, they are tantalized with the thought that their wives are performing for rich women of another race those services that would gladden their dreary life. They may, perhaps—who knows?—have still sadder reflections.

One night I slept in a plantation cabin—hardly larger than a decent-sized pig-sty—in which, besides myself, reposed six negroes and—a mulatto woman! From the talk of the boys at night, you would not have imagined that any woman was present. How can clergymen forget the fact that slavery cannot exist without creating what they anathematize as Crime? Adultery, fornication and still viler acts are the necessary consequences of the domestic Institution of the South. I belong to the ruling race: *dare* a female slave resist my advances? By a false statement before a magistrate, or by a blow, I can punish her if she does. Her word is not taken at Court, and she dare not return my blow. I am a rich man, and the female slave is without a cent: is it likely that she will refuse to grant my request, criminal though it be?

It is neither likely nor *so!* Once again, I am a white man, and I know that the mulatto women almost invariably refuse to cohabit with blacks; are even averse to a connection with persons of their own *shade*, but are gratified by the advances of Saxons, whose intimacy may make them the mothers of children almost white—*which is the quadroon girl's ambition*—is it likely, then, that, when an opportunity offers, I can resist temptation when it comes in the form of a beautiful young slave, who has, perhaps, a fairer complexion than my own and an exquisitely handsome figure? Again, sir—for it is an offence to morality to be silent on such subjects—I reply that it is neither likely nor *so!* If I were a licentious man, I could easily obtain from the female slaves, or free mulatto girls, any favour, that I thought proper to ask. Slavery, *not* Popery, is the true "Mother of Harlots."

I enclose two items, selected from southern newspapers, which you will please to publish at the end of this letter. Such signs are becoming numerous.

Wendell Phillips is wrong, I think, in wishing to *anchor Massachusetts* by Abolition judges. Why not anchor Maryland, Missouri and the Border Slave States by a band of Liberators? *They could be added to the Free States in less time than it would take to anchor Massachusetts.*

William H. Seward is wrong, I think, in saying, "No more Slave States." I would vote for the admission of Cuba, even with the Institution of Slavery. It would be open to the labours of our Agents if one of the United States: at present it is a closed port to all Garrisonian goods.

Yours, in the hatred of slavery,

JOHN BALL, JR.

LIBERIA—IMPORTANT DISCLOSURES.

THE larger portion of the first page is occupied with extracts from the Liberia correspondence of the *Tribune*, in which will be found a variety of information, of the most startling character, in relation to the affairs of the "Model Republic" which has been established by the Colonization Society on the coast of Africa, and which the friends of that Society declare to be the El Dorado of the black man. The writer of the letters is, we presume (from the signature and from internal evidence), Mr. AUGUSTUS WASHINGTON, one of the few coloured men of excellent abilities whom the Colonizationists have succeeded in persuading to emigrate to their vaunted Elysium. He was a Colonizationist before he left America, and, having gone out under the patronage of the Society, we presume he is influenced in the disclosures he makes by no unfriendly feelings toward it or its supporters. His letters, morever, bear internal evidence of honesty and candour on his part; his statements are clear and specific, as well as inherently probable; and we do not hesitate to express our entire confidence in the truth of his disclosures, which are certainly of a very startling character. We invite particular attention to the most important points.

1. It appears that the partisans of the Colonization Society have not only been in the habit of exaggerating such facts as they regarded favourable to the Colony, but of concealing facts of an opposite kind, and of suppressing important information by threats and otherwise. Aspirants for Colonization favours, afraid to give offence and willing to flatter those in authority, have no difficulty in getting their letters published in American Colonization papers; while those who dare to complain, or to tell unwelcome truth, are persecuted into silence. Mr. Washington expects to encounter similar treatment, but he avows his determination not to be bribed or overawed; a resolution which we trust he will be enabled to keep, at least until the American people are fully enlightened as to the state of the Colony.

2. The revelations in respect to the treatment of *poor* emigrants—the miserable hovels into which they are crowded and then left to sicken and die without proper food or medicine—are absolutely appalling. But we have no room to dwell upon the particulars. Let the reader look at the testimony for himself.

3. The utter thriftlessness and want of enterprise of a large portion of the Southern emigrants is a feature worthy of special notice. It seems that hundreds of "bondmen, scarred and worn out" in slavery, are "expatriated to a pestilential shore," "nearly all destitute of any means to help themselves"; and that such of them as survive the process of acclimation, "squat down for life" in miserable huts, where they support a precarious existence without regular labour. Of the people of Monrovia, Mr. Washington says: "Scarcely any of them work, but nearly all sit down and depend on living by trade with the natives." All around are "marks of decay and shameful neglect, and the almost entire absence of enterprise and industry." This is not the picture that the Colonizationists have so often held up to our view!

4. But the most startling of this writer's revelations are his statements as to the relations subsisting between the colonists and the natives. The Colony, be it remembered, is commended to the support of the public on the ground of its alleged *missionary* influences—as a means of converting the natives to Christianity! Mr. Washington says that the natives who reside in the Colony are "not regarded as a part of the common people; they seem to be separated by a caste as great as that which divides the whites and coloured people in America; and in some instances the caste makes a distance between the Afric-American and native as great as that between the Brahmins and the Shudeas of India." Again: "These natives are humble, subdued, servile creatures. They are employed as domestic drudges—literally hewers of wood and drawers of water." They serve their Liberian masters either without any wages at all beyond their food, or for the smallest pittance. "Nearly all wear nothing but a filthy rag, the size of a common cotton handkerchief, about their loins, or occasionally a dirty, greasy shirt." And, worse than all, they are treated with great cruelty, as witness these words of Mr. Washington: "*In nearly all families it is customary to keep a rawhide or cat-o'-nine-tails handy*, to FLOG THEM WHEN THEY PLEASE. And this flogging, kicking and cuffing is done, to a shameful extent, by upstart boys, scolding, brainless women, and *gentlemen of rank and standing, calling themselves Christians*"! The Colonists are practising the lessons they learned in slavery—inflicting upon the native Africans the very cruelties of which they were themselves the victims while slaves in the United States. And it seems that they imitate their former masters not only in the use of the lash upon the backs of their domestic "drudges," but in the excuses by which they seek to justify such cruelty. Mr. Washington tells us that his protests against this state of things and his efforts to bring about a reform have exposed him to the "censures" of the Liberian taskmasters, who charge him with a "wish to make the natives impudent, restless and discontented in their present condition." This is the precise language of the American plantation—the school in which the greater portion of the colonists were trained. This is the missionary Republic, which, we are told by American divines, is to carry the light of civilization and Christianity into "benighted Africa"! "Ethiopia stretches out her hands," to receive, not the gospel of Christ, but the cowhide and the cat-o'-nine-tails!!

We learn that these disclosures have occasioned no small stir in the Colonization camp, and that ex-Governor Pinney is now on the way to Monrovia to "investigate" the charges of Mr. Washington; in other words, to get the materials for a fresh coat of whitewash. The Abolitionists know Gov. Pinney well, and will be fully prepared for any report that he may make. He is a complete tool of the slaveholding and pro-slavery Colonizationists, and will do their bidding without scruple.

THE ANTI-SLAVERY LECTURES.

THE New York Anti-Slavery Society's Second Annual Course of Lectures was inaugurated at the Tabernacle, on Tuesday evening last, in the presence of a large and intelligent assembly. The previous announbement that the Hon. CHARLES SUMNER would not be able, on account of illness, to fulfil his engagement, and that the Introductory Lecture would be given by another, was a serious disappointment to many who were anxious to see and hear that eloquent champion of Liberty; but the Committee of Arrangements were exceedingly fortunate in procuring as his substitute the Rev. RICHARD S. STORRS, Jr., Pastor of the Pilgrim Church in Brooklyn, a gentleman who, in point of intellectual endowments, scholarly culture and graceful eloquence, is his peer.

The exercises of the evening were opened with a fervent and appropriate prayer by the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, who also read the following letter addressed by Mr. Sumner to the Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements:

"BOSTON, 26th Nov., 1854.

"MY DEAR SIR: No disappointment arising from my present disability can equal mine. I had counted hopefully upon performing all my engagements, and looked to New York as a new field. But, after strenuous effort, I was constrained to succumb. For a week I have been on my bed 22 hours out of the 24 in each day, and, though finding myself better at this moment, I yet feel too weak for work.

"Should your course stretch till after the session of Congress, I may, possibly, be able to take part in it; but I could not be tempted by any such call from my duties there, even for a single day.

Yours very faithfully,

"CHARLES SUMNER."

Mr. Sumner's declaration that he could not be tempted to forsake his duties in the Senate, even for a single day, was loudly cheered.

The Rev. Mr. STORRS, being introduced by Mr. BEECHER, proceeded to deliver a masterly discourse, full of noble thoughts, clothed in words of great beauty and eloquence. Many portions of it were cheered with much energy and enthusiasm. The Antagonism of Slavery to Republicanism and Christianity, and the Duty of the American People to abolish it, were illustrated by irrefragable argument and enforced by powerful appeals to the conscience and the heart. The reports of the daily press are exceedingly inadequate and unsatisfactory, and we have not time to prepare a sketch for ourselves.

Mr. PIERPONT'S Poem was appropriate to the occasion, and full of those happy hits which always mark the productions of his muse. It was well received by the audience.

The Hon. JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS will give the next Lecture.

THE AMERICAN BOARD IN ENGLAND.

THE American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions have been making a special effort, recently, to obtain pecuniary aid in England. The position occupied by that body, until a very recent period, on the slavery question, has been an effectual bar to its prospects in that quarter; but since the action taken on that subject at the last annual meeting, the managers appear to have cherished the hope of obtaining liberal contributions to its treasury. The champion of the Board in England appears to be the Rev. Mr. Young. Whether he is an American or an Englishman, we confess we do not know. It happens, however, that the American Reform Book and Tract Society (an orthodox religious association, having the seat of its operations in Cincinnati) has an agent in England, in the person of the Rev. Mr. Vincent, who is endeavouring to open the eyes of British Christians to the true character of the American Board and the position it occupies in relation to the great question of human bondage. Mr. Chesson, the faithful English correspondent of the *Wesleyan*, gives us an account of the progress of the controversy. Under date of Oct. 27, he says:

"Mr. Vincent has just achieved a triumph of no ordinary character, a triumph which a week ago it would have seemed absurd to anticipate. I have on several occasions fully referred to the attempt of the American Board of Foreign Missions to form a connection with the Congregational Union by endeavouring to obtain its aid on behalf of the Board's Missions in the East; a project which, if successful, would naturally strengthen this pro-slavery institution at home. Mr. Vincent, as I reported in my last, challenged Mr. Young, the advocate of the American Board, to a public discussion, as the latter has charged him with being 'a false witness.' As I anticipated, Mr. Young declines the challenge, one of his reasons being that the American Board needs no defence. I believe I told you that as Mr. Young received permission from the Committee of the Congregational Union to read a paper on the American Board's Missions in the East, Mr. Vincent requested that body to permit him to reply, he proposing to take for his subject the religious influences which sustain slavery in the United States. The Rev. G. Smith, on behalf of the Committee, refused to grant the favour. There can be no mistake about this. I have seen the original correspondence, and, day after day, Mr. Vincent and myself have talked the matter over.

"In the meantime, the Congregational Union has held its annual sittings at Newcastle. I did not dare anticipate that, with Mr. Vincent gagged, the evident determination of the Committee to stand by the American Board, and the support they received from the *British Banner*, and the *Patriot*—I did not dare anticipate, I say, any other result than another blow to Freedom. But what was my astonishment to find, when a Report of the proceedings reached my eyes, that although Mr. Young delivered his speech, the Congregational Union itself refused to thank him for it, or in the least degree to aid his Mission. This success is chiefly attributable to the manly speech and firm conduct of the brave old Vice-President of the North of England Anti-Slavery League, Professor Scott. He tore to shreds the flimsy veil with which deceit had sought to hide the real meaning of the apparently harmless resolutions which the fertile brain of Mr. George Smith had invented. No thanks to Dr. Campbell, Dr. Massie or Josiah Conder for this. Thanks only are due to the ministers who, living in provincial towns and country districts, have never been corrupted by the subtle influence of pro-slavery Doctors of Divinity, and learned "Professors" in the art of crushing the liberties of their fellow-creatures. As may be supposed, the *British Banner* and the *Patriot* are somewhat chagrined at their deserved discomfiture. The former, characteristically, tries to make damaging insinuations against Mr. Vincent's reputation. That gentleman will, I doubt not, pay every farthing of the debt he owes that journal before he leaves the country. Mr. Young and his friends of the press are now making as much capital as they can out of the recent action of the American Board in relation to its Choctaw Missions. But that capital will not be worth much, especially after the appearance of the pamphlet which Mr. Vincent is now writing, and in which he is analyzing the celebrated 'Treat letter,' which bids fair to become famous on this side the Atlantic. Mr. Vincent will leave for America in a few days' time—and deserves, as I am sure he will receive, the warmest welcome from his brother Abolitionists."

In another letter, dated Nov. 5, he gives us additional information:

"Mr. Vincent's campaign against the American Board of Foreign Missions has not abated in interest. The Committee of the Congregational Union have been severely reproved by the *Morning Advertiser* for their truckling to the American Board, and the result has been that a sharp discussion has taken place between the Rev. George Smith and the Editor. Unfortunately, the latter does not appear to be sufficiently familiar with 'the Treat letter,' and the jesuitism of pro-slavery 'Boards.' However, he has done his duty well. His course on this important question has again aroused Dr. Campbell, who has accordingly written another attempted justification of the Committee of the Union in the last *Banner*. Moreover, the Doctor appears in the field as the champion of the American Board; and in his editorial columns he publishes a letter from Dr. Pomroy (the Secretary of that body), in which that worthy gentleman declares Mr. Vincent's charges to be 'utterly false.' Of course he does. Few are the guilty prisoners who do not plead 'not guilty' when arraigned at the bar. Mr. Vincent thinks that Dr. Pomroy's 'utterly false' rejoinder is a 'good sign'; so he says in a note I have just received from him. I will keep you informed of every phase of this highly important discussion, upon which, it seems to me to be very necessary, the Abolitionists of America should form a correct judgment. I am glad to say that Mr. Vincent intends to republish his pamphlets in America, immediately after his return."

"*Messrs. Publishers of the Anti-Slavery Standard:*

"PLEASE send me a copy of your Anti-Slavery Journal, and if I like it, I will subscribe for it. But if it is Garrisonian, *i. e.* opposed to Christianity, and the Bible, I want to have nothing to do with it; for why should I or anybody else contend against man-stealing, if there was no Law of God that denounced it? Or how would we know it was wrong to hunt men and women, or from whence should we obtain our ideas of right and wrong, if we had not the word of God to direct and guide us. Feeble indeed would be our opposition to slavery, were it not that we are contending for a higher law than that of men, contending for the law of that God who has commanded to do unto others as we would have others do unto us. Again, Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which has escaped from his master unto thee. But alas, I never heard this text preached from in my life! but I have written more than I intended.

"Believe me very respectfully, &c. yours."

Æsop, or somebody else, tells a Fable about a man who was digging a cellar, and was constantly annoyed by passers-by asking—"what are you digging?" to which he as constantly answered, that he might not seem ill-natured, but till he was wearied out with the repetition of the stupidity—"I am digging a cellar." To save trouble and his own temper, at last, he painted his answer on a board for the information of passengers. But this only increased the difficulty, as now he had two questions to answer instead of one, for to the first, which was still asked, he replied—with an expletive prefixed, which did not show any improvement of temper—"look at the board!" And then came a second question as to the purpose of such an inscription; to which the answer was not complimentary either to the eyes or the good sense of the querists.

The moral of this pleasant jest we always supposed to be—that a foolish world would always ask foolish questions, and that there is no shorter way of getting rid of them than direct and patient answers.

Our correspondent, who writes the above letter, has reminded us of this Fable. Every writer and every speaker who represents the American Anti-Slavery Society have, time and again, year in year out, and all the year round, answered the question here presented in all its length and breadth, till they are well nigh worn out with want of breath on their own part, and the excess of stupidity on the part of others.

Our friend wants the *Standard* if it is not 'Garrisonian.' Then he does *not* want it, for it *is* 'Garrisonian.'

But he wants it if it is not opposed to Christianity and the Bible. Then he ought to have it, for it is opposed to neither.

The only thing the *Standard* is professedly opposed to is Slavery; and in so far is 'Garrisonian,' or any other *ism* that he chooses to name, that advocates, without concealment and without compromise, the immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery. If our friend agrees with us in that principle and wants a paper exclusively devoted to it, he may take this as safely as if he were a Mahometan or a Hebrew.

The excellence of the Koran, or the Talmud, or the authority of the Bible, are questions never discussed in these columns. If Mr. Garrison, or any other friend of the cause, holds any peculiar views on these topics, with such opinions we, as Abolitionists, have nothing to do. They are not discussed by him, or anybody else, on the Platform of the American Society or in its paper.

Of course, then, we have nothing to say—as we certainly have no objection—to the faith which makes the ground-work of the anti-slavery of our correspondent. He would be just as welcome among us, however, if he chose to come, though he had derived his zeal for Freedom from the Books of Confucius.

Rev. THEODORE PARKER was arraigned in the United States Circuit Court, at Boston, Judge Sprague presiding, on Wednesday last, on a charge of inciting to riot, and with aiding the attempt to rescue the fugitive slave, Anthony Burns, from the hands of the United States authorities. Mr. Parker waived the reading of the indictment against him, and gave bail in the sum of fifteen hundred dollars, to appear for trial at the March term of the Court. Messrs. Samuel May, Francis Jackson and John R. Manly became his bondsmen.

Summary.

Mr. William W. Story, son of the late Justice Story, now in Italy, has finished a statue of his father, on which he has been for some time engaged. The statue has been shipped from Italy for America.

The Springfield (Ill.) *Register* announces that Douglass has left for his plantation in Mississippi, whereupon "Long John" expresses, in the columns of the Chicago *Democrat*, the hope that he may find his two hundred and thirty-four slaves all well.

ONE OF THE TENANTS.—"Jemmy, get some kindlings and make a fire." "Please, Sir, I can't, Mr. Murphy used the last bannister yesterday." "The bannister gone? then go on the roof and see what virtue there is in them shingles." Exit Jemmy. In a week afterwards, Mr. O'Neil wants a reduction of "rint." Cause why? "The floors lake."

FROM UTAH.—Salt Lake City letters of Sept. 28th state that appearances indicate a general Indian war. The execution of two Indians by the authorities of Utah is not relished by the Indians, and they are retaliating. The Indians do not so much object to the execution of the men as the manner, viz., by hanging.

The Bellefontaine *Republican* says the Hoosiers on the Wabash turn their "agy shakes" to some account. They climb into the top of a "shellbark" just as the chill comes on, and by the time the "personal earthquake" leaves them, there's not a hickory nut left on the tree.

RELIC OF ANTIQUITY.—Deacon S. Spear, of Randolph, has handed us a piece of the cake made for his wedding which took place 40 years ago last September. Through all this long period of married life, the partner of his joys and sorrows has carefully preserved a fragment of the bridal loaf; and we can well imagine the influence this simple relic exerts in calling up the varied associations of the past with which it is so indissolubly linked in the memory of the aged couple.—*North Bridgewater Gazette.*

SLAVERY IN KANZAS.—Mr. Dobson of Kanzas, has addressed a letter to the Georgia *Examiner*, in which he says that slavery already exists in Kansas, that no legislation is necessary to legalize it, and that slaves readily let for $150 to $200 a year, and sell, men for $1,200 to $1,500, and women from $1,000 to $1,100. He says that the territory is intended by nature for a slave State, and that half the population of Missouri will pour into it if necessary to confirm slavery therein.

ANTHONY BURNS.—We find the following in the *Transcript*, and agree with the suggestion contained in the concluding paragraph.

The Richmond *Enquirer* of Monday says: "It may be some gratification to Anthony's Boston friends to learn that Anthony left here on Friday, the 3d inst., in possession of David McDaniel, Esq., of Nash County, N. C., who purchased him for the purpose of putting him to work in a cotton field or where duty calls."

As soon as the particulars of the above sale are received from an authentic source, we trust some able writer will be put in possession of all the facts and documents of the case, and that they might be published, so that the public shall know all the details of the various transactions—the conduct of individuals—the means taken for the purchase of the fugitive—the correspondence between Col. Suttle, Mr. Allen of Louisiana, and the Rev. Mr. Grimes of the 12th Baptist Church—together with the list of subscribers to the $1,200 fund for the purchase of Burns, and all other matters of historical interest connected with the affair. Let the work be faithful and impartial, as it will always be an interesting chapter in the history of "Despotism in America."

PAY OF THE MILITARY.—Mr. Editor: You quote from the *Mail* that the citizen soldiers of Boston have not received one cent for their services in the Burns case. We earnestly suggest that a meeting be held of the companies who served upon that day, and that they vote not to receive a cent. Such a vote would be much to their honour and the credit of the city. It would forever put to silence any suggestion of blood money, or that they served as slave catchers. If, on the other hand, they consent to receive pay for their services, the South will have reason to think and to say that our love of freedom and order is a marketable commodity.—W.—*Boston Transcript.*

IMPORTANT DECISION—IS A FREE NEGRO A CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES?—A highly important decision was made on Thursday last in the U. S. Circuit Court, for this State, at ——, by His Honour, Judge Drummond, in the case of Joseph C. Mitchell, free negro, plaintiff, vs. Charles H. Lamar, defendant. The plea filed by the defendant alleged the plaintiff to be a free negro, and not a *citizen* of the United States, entitled to maintain a suit before the U. S. Circuit Court. This plea was sustained by the Court. We also learn that Judge McLean coincided in the opinion delivered by Judge Drummond.—*Chicago Times, Saturday.*

DOUGLASS AGAINST DOUGLAS.—For a pitiable man commend us to Senator Douglas. During the late canvass in Illinois his namesake, a person of colour, has been continually at his heels, and what was worse, getting the best audiences, and absolutely making the best speeches. Wherever Senator Douglas went, he was followed by Fred, and answered by Fred in a masterly manner. It must have taken down the giant's pride a peg or two thus to be persecuted by a "runaway nigger," and with nobody to sing to him the nurse's song:

"Hush ye, hush ye, little pet ye!
Hush ye, hush ye, do not fret ye,
The black Douglas shall not get ye."

—*Boston Atlas.*

OUR REPRESENTATIVES ABROAD.—According to the *Free Press*, Hon. George P. Marsh, in a public address delivered at Burlington a few days ago, described our diplomatic representatives and consuls in Europe in the following terms:

"The administrations, of both parties, for the last twenty years, have sent out, for the most part, to represent us abroad, persons distinguished only by ignorance, vulgarity, and vice. They have not been on a par with the average at home, and commonly are ignorant of the language, manners, and business relations of the country to which they go, and even of the French, the almost universal language of Europe."

A VENERABLE TOTAL ABSTINENT.—The Russellville (Tenn.) *Herald* says, the venerable Bishop Soule remarked in the session of the Conference on Thursday morning the 26th ult., when the report of the Committee on Temperance was up for consideration, that he was now 74 years of age, and that he had *yet to learn how whiskey tasted!* He said he was not a member of any temperance organization, but was satisfied the use of alchoholic liquors was hurtful in the extreme, and a great curse to any nation, and he desired to see the manufacture and sale of the same entirely prohibited. [If the Bishop were as sound on the slavery question as he is on temperance, our respect for him would be greater than it is now. Of all the pro-slavery divines in the land, no one has done more than he to give the sin a warm berth in the church.]

MORTALITY AT THE NORTH AND AT THE SOUTH.—The experience of the Life Insurance Companies of this country has brought to light certain facts which are not expressed or indicated by the census returns. In reference to the North, or that portion of the Union embraced northerly of the southern line of Virginia and Kentucky, it is shown that the mortality is considerably less than that indicated by the celebrated Carlisle tables. From ten years' practical results, it appears that the mortality among that class of persons who insure their lives within the region named is less than 1 per cent., viz.: about 94 in every 10,000. In that section comprised between 32° north latitude (a few miles south of Savannah) and the southern line of Virginia and Kentucky, the mortality among the same class of people is 1.17½ per cent., or 117½ persons out of every 10,000. Looking to the extreme Southern States, or south of latitude 32°, the mortality is nearly double that of the northern section—the actual number of deaths of 40,000 (as insured) being 196. These calculations are entirely exclusive of the present year, which has perhaps been more fatal in the South than any period since 1830.—*Louisville Journal.*

AGRICULTURE IN VIRGINIA.—We are pleased to learn that an awakened interest is had in Virginia upon the subject of agricultural progress. A friend writes us from that State: "I recently came through Petersburg, and passed a day in attendance at the agricultural fair of the Virginia and North Carolina Agricultural Society. The two States did very well with their exhibition of stock, implements, &c. About fifteen thousand strangers were in Petersburg the day I was there. But Richmond beat them the following week. Their fair was attended by a crowd variously estimated from forty to eighty thousand. The annual exhibitions give an impetus to the agricultural and manufacturing interests which it is hard to estimate. The cities where they are held, take in an immense amount of money—not only that spent necessarily in attending, but also in the way of sales of goods for the fall and winter trade in the country." Our Southern friends should send delegations from their Societies to look at some of the New England agricultural festivals in September and October of each year.—*Boston Telegraph.*

A VALUABLE CONVERT.—We understand that Henry Ward Beecher opened the Lyceum course at Worcester last Friday with his new lecture on "Patriotism," and took occasion to avow himself a convert to the doctrine of *woman's voting!* He then justified his position at some length, meeting in his own powerful way the arguments against this reform. So far from producing greater confusion at the polls, he declared that the presence of women was the only thing that could make them decent places. The American respect for woman, he thought, would show itself instantly, there. "Let a son walk to the ballot-box with his mother, fearlessly and with dignity, or a husband with his wife—and men would fall back to let them pass; and if any one interfered to molest them, the crowd would instantly swallow him up, as the whale swallowed Jonah." Finally, he predicted, that though he might not live to see this reform, it was as certain to come as the earth to continue its motion. The only inconsistency in his remarks was his expressing a hope that his wife and sisters would never wish to speak in public, though he would not oppose it if they did. Probably, however, this remark will do good, by making the rest of his statement more palatable to his readers. Women need no one to assert their right to speak in public, for they have secured that already. But his voice, in asserting their right to the elective franchise, is worth a good deal to them.—*Liberator.*

CARD OF COL. BENTON.—Some months ago, it will be remembered, Colonel Benton gave public notice that he would neither receive nor send any letters from or through the St. Louis post-office so long as the postmaster there, recently appointed, held the office. The reason given was that he esteemed the man a rogue, and did not think his letters safe in his custody. He desired those who wished to address him to avail themselves of Adams & Co.'s Express. Upon his recent return to St. Louis, the other day, he found some of his correspondents had not seen, or disregarded, that notice, and accordingly he publishes another, reminding his correspondents that his letters sent through that office will reach the dead letter office at Washington before they reach the person to whom they are addressed, "if the law is complied with." He takes occasion to repeat that the appointment to that office was "a criminal prostitution of the appointing power to malignant and personal purposes," through the influence of the nullifiers with the President.

THE WORCESTER RIOT.—The examination at Worcester was terminated on Saturday.

The Court concluded that all of the persons except Moody contributed either by acts, words, or otherwise to this riot and are thereby guilty of a riotous assault on Asa O. Butman, and ordered, S. S. Foster, Joseph A. Howland, Adin Thayer, Solomon H. Dutton, John Angier, and Alexander Hemenway, to recognise with sureties in $500 for their appearance before the Court of Common Pleas on the third Monday of January next to answer further to the above charge. The defendants all recognised for their appearance.

The *Spy* gives the following account of a rather rich scene at the close of the trial:

S. S. Foster rose to take exception to some charges that had been made against him in the course of the trial. The Court intimated that the case was closed. Mr. Foster then said, that he would have a meeting on Sunday evening, where his lips would not be padlocked, and he challenged the Court to meet him there and discuss the merits of this case. The Court intimated that it never attended Mr. Foster's meetings, and worshipped in an entirely different place. Mr. Howland rose and said the Judge claimed the right to say what he pleased in Court, without allowing them the privilege of reply. He dared not meet them on a free platform.

DONATIONS TO THE TRACT FUND.

Isaac Stevens, Andover, Mass.	- - -	$2 00
William Whiting, Concord, Mass.	- - -	5 00
Mrs. Mary Brooks,	" " - -	1 00
R. Plumer, Newburyport,	" " - -	2 00
Elish L. Hammond, Northampton, Mass.		1 70
Elizabeth S. Gifford, Westport,	" - -	5 00
Mary M. Polman, Portland, Me.	- - -	2 00
A. M. Polman,	" " - -	3 00
Sarah H. Wilde, Deans Corner, N. Y.	- -	2 00
Wilson S. Thorn, Youngstown,	" - -	2 50
R. Monkhouse, Millport, Chemung Co., N. Y.		1 00
Richard Marriott, Standfordville,	" - -	3 00
David Joy, Scott, Courtland Co.,	" - -	10 00
Widow Shepherd, Foxboro' Mass.	- - -	1 00
Jeremiah M. Shepherd,	" " - -	1 50
Lewis G. Daniels,	" " - -	1 00
D. Brainard, Robinson,	" " - -	50
Warren Billings and R. G. Dort, Foxboro', Mass.		
25 cents each,	- - - - -	50
Spencer Hodges, Foxboro', Mass.	- - -	5 00
Dr. Henry Arne Stone, Framingham, Mass.	-	3 00
Robert Roberts, Boston, Mass.	- - -	1 00
Theophilus Brown, Worcester, Mass.	- -	2 00
Friend, Maine,	- - - -	25
Cash,	- - - -	1 00
M. M. Davis, Bemis Heights, N. Y.	- - -	1 00

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

There were some errors in the last acknowledgment of the *Standard*, viz.:

Doane and Job Hilley should have been		Killey.
John Levy, & Co., and R. Bond, Genesee,		
should have been		Genseo.
Rev. Joseph P. Fessenden, South Brighton,		
should have been		Bridgton.
Albert Stetson	" " "	Albert.
S. J. Holcombe	" " "	Holcomb.

Collections for the American A. S. Society,

BY S. HOLLEY.

Rushford, N. Y.	$9 12	Alfred, N.Y.	$3 00
Farmersville, N. Y.	9 93	Whitesville, N. Y.	10 71
Franklinville, "	1 31	Spring Mills, N. Y.	5 00
Olean, "	8 20	Independence, "	4 70
Ceres, "	12 45	Phillipsville, "	7 13
Maine Settlement,		Angelica, "	6 28
N. Y.	3 00	Rawson, "	6 36
Genesee, N. Y.	3 00	Lyndon, "	1 88
Cowdersport, Pa.	10 50	Cancadia, "	2 19
Millport, "	6 11	Cuba, "	6 35
Portville, N. Y.	7 10	New Hudson, "	5 91
Smithport, Pa.	5 44	Randolph, "	6 39
Machias, N. Y.	5 56	Napoli, "	3 20
Hume, "	3 58	Ellington, "	5 22
Fillmore, N. Y.	70	Leon, "	5 00
Centreville, "	6 24	Little Valley, "	1 39
Belfast, "	9 23	Jamestown, "	12 84
Wellsville, "	11 30	Busti, "	5 00
Burns, "	5 65	Syracuse, "	10 00
Arkport, "	3 63	A Friend, "	3 61
	Total,		$234 21

Collections, for the A. A. S. Society, in Rhode Island, by A. K. Foster.

J. S. Thornton, Pawtucket,	$20 00	Ruth M. Wallcut, Cumberland,	2 00
Ladies Fair Association, Pawtucket,	10 00	J. M. Pierce, Cumberland,	2 00
W. T. Adams

Miscellaneous Department.

TOUSSAINT L'OVERTURE.

If any proof were required to repel the charge that the negro is of an inferior race, we might point to the subject of this sketch, amongst many others, as eminently affording such proof. The perusal of the incidents of his eventful life leads to the conclusion, that in every respect Toussaint L'Overture is entitled to be ranked as a man amongst men—a "true image of God" cut in ebony. He was of pure African descent, and but one generation removed from the wild and untutored state of his ancestors. The first fifty years of his life was passed in Slavery, which, although of a mild character, offered but few opportunities and no incentives for mental improvement. But when circumstances arose which led to a change of position, and a way was opened for the development of his latent powers, he achieved an amount of success and fame in no way unworthy of the celebrities of any country.

Regarded as a mere military chieftain, Toussaint L'Overture is entitled to take high rank; but the object of his appeal to arms was not to secure worldly glory, or to realize results which are anticipated by those who make warlike pursuits a profession, but simply to assert the rights, and maintain the liberties of his people, which had been so long wrested from them. Great, however, as were his military successes, we would rather refer to him as the framer and administrator of just and wholesome laws, the calmer of unruly passions, the reconciler of conflicting interests, and the reducer of chaotic elements into harmonious and symmetrical order. In this capacity he was worthy of double honour. Nor was he less remarkable in his social and domestic relations—as the attached and devoted servant, the tender and affectionate husband and father, the faithful friend, and the strict observer of his promises and engagements.

The following details of his history are gathered from a source to which we were indebted for our two last negro biographies.

Gaou Guinon, King of one of the most powerful tribes of Africa, had a son, who was taken prisoner in war by a hostile people, and sold, as is customary, to some white traffickers in human merchandize. In common with many others, he was conveyed to the shores of St. Domingo, into which island a large annual importation of slaves was then taking place. The African prince was purchased by the Count de Noé, a French proprietor of an extensive plantation, situated a few miles inland from Cape François. Here he was kindly treated, and seems altogether to have led as happy a life as one in a state of bondage could well do: he married a maiden of his own colour and country—a fellow-slave on the same plantation—and by her had eight children, of whom Toussaint, born May 17th, 1743, was the eldest. Here beneath the balmy sky and amid the luxuriant vegetation of the tropics, the negro boy seems to have grown up to manhood, without experiencing any of those hardships and sufferings to which the slave is most commonly exposed. Always thoughtful and serious beyond his years, he had early attracted the attention of M. de Libertas, the agent or manager of Toussaint's master, who, as some authorities say, had him taught to read and write: but this is unlikely; for, with all their affability and kindness to their slaves, these French masters still looked upon them as an inferior order of beings, on whom it would be useless, if not dangerous, to bestow mental instruction. The most probable account is, that the Young Toussaint gained such slight elementary knowledge as he possessed from one Pierre Baptiste, a shrewd and intelligent negro on his master's estate, whose natural good abilities had been cultivated and improved by some benevolent missionaries. Be this as it may, certain it is that he did, during the season of his by no means heavy bondage, snatch a few sprigs from the tree of knowledge; and so rich was the soil of the mind in which he planted them, that when he cast aside his shackles, came forth from his prison-house, and stood before the world as the champion and director of his lately enslaved but now free brethren, all were astonished at the abundance and maturity of the fruits displayed.

Sober, honest, industrious, and religiously disposed, it was soon seen that he was one in whom dependence might be placed: he was first advanced to the office of coachman to M. de Libertas, whose entire confidence he enjoyed; from which he was promoted to the responsible post of foreman of the sugar-works. About this time he married. The following is his own description of his mode of life: "We went to labour in our fields with hand clasped in hand; we returned in the same manner; scarcely did we feel the fatigues of the day. Heaven bestowed a blessing on our toil, by means of which we were not only comforted ourselves, but we were enabled to assist others. On the Sunday, and on holidays, my wife, my relatives, and myself went to church. Returning to our cottage, after an agreeable repast, we spent the rest of the day in family intercourse, and we terminated it by prayer, in which we all joined."

Toussaint L'Overture might probably have continued in this state of existence had not circumstances arisen which promised to alter the whole political condition of the island. The mighty struggle for freedom which was taking place in France had reflected its influence on the colonial possessions of that country. Loyalty at first to the King of France, whom he had been taught to consider as the rightful claimant of his allegiance, led him to place himself and his followers under the command of the Spanish General who sided with the French royalists. This was soon after the breaking out of the negro insurrection, which, commencing in a plantation contiguous to that belonging to his master, had spread like wildfire through the colony, and involved the whole property of the French planters in one wide scene of ruin and devastation, amid which many of the owners and their families perished. Toussaint assisted his kind master to escape, and to save as much of the property as could be borne off and rendered available for future subsistence. In the insurrection Toussaint had refused to join, because he saw nothing great or worthy in the motives which prompted the rising of the slaves.

But when Toussaint heard coming across the waters the glorious declaration, which was like a voice from heaven proclaiming the freedom of his enslaved brethren, that "all men are born and continue free and equal as their rights," this being the declaration of the assembled representatives of the French people, uttered amid the bloody throes of a struggle for freedom such as the world never saw before, and which had been publicly proclaimed in St. Domingo, he at once saw that his loyalty had mistaken its object, and that in fighting against the Republic he had been but serving the cause of oppression and despotism. At once he resigned the high command which he held under the Spanish General, and was about to retire to the obscurity of private life, there to abide patiently, until Providence by some unmistakable sign should call him forth to work of establishing the full and entire freedom of his race; and for this sign he had not to wait. The greater portion of the negroes who had acted with him as the allies of the Spaniards, also deserted the royalists cause; others flocked to him from all quarters; and Toussaint was proclaimed by common assent the General-in-Chief of these dusky forces—the emancipator of the blacks. And it soon became evident that a master mind was among them. Neither the mulattoes, a powerful body in the island, who had refused to recognise the right to liberty of those whose skin was but a few shades darker than their own, nor the Spaniards, who then held possession of about two-thirds of the land, were able to stand against the power of the negroes, organized and directed by Toussaint L'Overture, the man who made an opening everywhere, as the French Republican General, after he had gladly accepted his alliance, admiringly called him.

Soon, under the firm, judicious, and temperate rule of the negro chief, the island of St. Domingo began to assume an aspect very different from what it had lately presented. The devastated plantations, which had become overgrown with rank vegetation, and converted into perfect wildernesses, were again brought under cultivation, on a system which ensured to the cultivators—no longer toiling for the profit alone of exacting masters—a sufficient remuneration for their labour, while it rendered a considerable sum for the purposes of government. The white and mulatto planters were invited to return and take possession of their estates under certain conditions of allegiance to the ruling powers, and of payment to their *free* labourers. And last, though far from least, there were the negroes, numbering about 500,000, in all the delirium of newly-acquired freedom, ignorant and rude, as men must be in a state of slavery, with their hatreds and their animosities, the growth of generations of wrong and sufferipg, liable to be led or provoked into the commission of all sorts of follies and crimes. It was at this moment of utter confusion and disorganization that Toussaint L'Overture appeared as the spirit and ruler of the storm. Outrages were repressed, whether committed by blacks or whites; and a feeling of peace and security began to take the place of universal terror and distrust which had lately prevailed. Wherever his presence was most required, there was the negro chief, calm, yet energetic; resolute, yet gentle and urbane. Of all plots and conspiracies he seems to be made aware by some mysterious intuition, and he was in the midst of the plotters, sometimes alone and unarmed, to subdue them by the dignity of his moral courage and mild persuasion, sometimes with an overpowering force to awe them into submission.

In 1795 occurred an insurrection of mulattoes at the town of Cape François, the headquarters of the French General Laveaux, who was seized and imprisoned by the insurgents. This afforded the negro chief an opportunity of proving his devotion to the Republic, to which he had but recently sent in his adhesion. He marched at the head of 10,000 blacks to the city, then held by the mulattoes, whom he reduced to submission, thus rescuing the French General from his perilous position, and reinstating him in his command of the colony. Speaking of Toussaint, Laveaux afterwards remarked: "It is this black, this Spartacus predicted by Raynal, who is destined to avenge the wrongs done to his race." To which saying may be added the admission made by another French General, Lacroix, who wrote an account of the revolution in the island, in terms by no means favourable to the negroes. "It must be allowed, that if St. Domingo still carried the colours of France, it was solely owing to an old negro, who seemed to bear a commission from Heaven to unite its dilacerated members." In 1795, a new commission arrived from the mother country, and Toussaint was loaded with compliments and expressions of obligation for his services; and in 1796, Laveaux being obliged to return to France, the black General was made Commander-in-chief of the French forces; thus the whole authority of the colony, civil and military, was placed in his hands. Toussaint was virtually the sovereign power long ere he had thrown off the yoke of France and declared his independence. Spain soon after retired from the contest, and gave up possession of that large portion of the island which she had held ever since its discovery by Columbus. The British, who had for some time maintained a footing there, were also obliged to evacuate their posts, and leave him undisputed master of the fortifications. An anecdote, which exhibits the character of Toussaint in so honourable a light that we cannot refrain from quoting it, is related in reference to this period of his career. General Maitland, who commanded the British forces, before he finally left the island was desirous that an interview should take place between himself and the negro chief, and for this purpose did not hesitate to visit the camp, and thus place himself completely in the power of those with whom he had lately been at mortal enmity. Nothing could shew more strongly a perfect confidence in Toussaint's integrity; which confidence the event fully justified. The black General had received from Roumé, the French Commissioner, a letter urging him to take this opportunity of serving the government at home, by seizing the person of the British officer, who, while on his way to the camp, had some intimation of this. He proceeded nevertheless, and having reached Toussaint's quarters, he had to wait some considerable time before the black chief appeared. When he did so, he bore in his hand two letters, which he requested General Maitland to read. One was the treacherous proposal from the Commissioner, the other the answer to it, just written, and containing an indignant refusal to act in so base a manner. "I am," he said, in conclusion, "faithfully devoted to the Republic, but will not serve it at the expense of my conscience and my honour."

It was not long after this that he sent his two sons, Isaac and Placide, to France, that they might be educated there under the eye of the Directory, and serve as hostages for his good faith and fidelity. What a return he met with for his misplaced confidence! Every means were employed to attach these youths to the interests of France; and when Bonaparte, urged, partly by the misrepresentations of the enemies of Toussaint and the blacks, who had been obliged to leave St. Domingo, and partly, it seems more than probable, by jealousy of a growing greatness that might one day overshadow his own, determined on sending an expedition against the island, these sons of the negro chief were sent with it, as instruments to be used in any way that might best conduce to the overthrow of their father's power and influence. Twenty-five thousand men, the flower of the French army, were embarked on board the squadron, of more than fifty sail; and the leader of the expedition, Le Clerc, seems to have been fettered by no just feelings nor honourable scruples in his dealings with the ruling powers of the colony. He had proclamations for the people, full of fine-sounding words which meant nothing, and false representations of the good intentions of the home government towards the colony and the negroes. He had others for the Generals to whom Toussaint had entrusted the defence of the various divisions of the island, some of whom were induced to betray the trust reposed in them, and to join their forces with those of the invaders. As a last resource, he had well-trained bloodhounds, for hunting down such of the negroes as could neither be threatened nor cajoled into a desertion of the cause of freedom.

Whether the idea of a separation from the mother-country was entertained by Toussaint, cannot be determined, at least he never gave expression to such a wish. In 1801, however, rumours reached the colony that Bonaparte, who had never condescended to answer, except by vague messages, the several letters which Toussaint had addressed to him, contemplated the re-establishment of slavery in St. Domingo, and then we have the first hint of an independent government. An assembly of representatives from all parts of the country was convened, and the draft of a constitution carefully drawn up and presented to them, by which the whole executive civil power, and the command of the forces, was to be placed in the hands of a Governor-General. Toussaint was to hold this office for life, and to nominate the first of his successors, whose term of rule was to be limited to five years. This constitution, which gave to St. Domingo a virtual independence under the guardianship of France, was proclaimed on the 1st May, 1801. It was perhaps the news of this movement in the direction of freedom which at once determined Napoleon to crush the power that threatened one day to interfere with his ambitious designs.

The first sight of the formidable French fleet assured Toussaint of the determination of Bonaparte to crush himself and his adherents; and bitter, indeed, was the disappointment to his noble heart to find that one on whom he had looked as the champion of liberty—whose meteor-like career he had watched with intense admiration—and to whom he had repeatedly sent fraternal greetings and proffers of service and devotion—that he, above all others, should put forth his powerful arm to dash to the earth the cup of liberty, of which the long-oppressed African had just begun to taste—this was a sore blow to Toussaint; yet was he neither daunted by it, nor urged by the menacing aspect of this new danger into any acts of rashness or cruelty towards the whites in the island. His strict injunction to his emancipated countrymen had ever been, "No retaliation for former wrongs and sufferings"; and his severest punishments had fallen upon those of his followers who disregarded this command. This was the man whom Le Clerc, after he had in vain endeavoured, by all the arts of diplomacy, to deceive or intimidate, proclaimed an outlaw; obliging him to take refuge with his family among the mountain-fastnesses of the island, where, surrounded by devoted friends and followers, he might have set at defiance the whole power of the French army, until the climate, which was making fearful ravages among them, had wrought for him the work of deliverance.

After the war had been carried on for some time, with great loss to the French, a truce was proffered by Le Clerc, which Toussaint, grieved to the heart at the miseries and ravages of war, gladly accepted. This led to a pretended treaty, by which the negro chief was assured of the continuance of his governorship of the island, and the retention of their respective ranks to all the officers of his army. Le Clerc was to act simply as the French deputy, and to take such a share in the regulation of affairs as the former representatives of the mother-country had been accustomed to do. L'Overture was to retire for awhile to one of his country-seats, and seek that repose which he so much needed. This treaty was the cause of great rejoicing throughout the island: the blacks and the whites mingled together amicably; all set about repairing the ravages of war; smiles were on every face and hope in every heart, except those which harboured treachery, and knew that the treaty was all a delusion. Having thus lulled to sleep the vigilance of Toussaint and his devoted friends, the French set about contriving how they might entrap the mighty African, whom they dared not seize openly, and take him, as the first Consul had commanded, a prisoner to France. With the oath on his lips—"I swear before the Supreme Being to respect the liberty of the people of St. Domingo"—with which he had concluded the treaty, he was plotting in his heart how best to compass the overthrow of the man by whom that liberty had been achieved, and in whom the coloured population of the island, numbering at least nine-tenths of the whole, trusted for its continuance. He instructed General Brunet, one of his officers, to overcharge one of the divisions or cantonments of the island with troops: this, as was expected, called forth a remonstrance from the inhabitants, and Toussaint was invited from his secure retreat to meet the French General, and arrange the affair in a manner satisfactory to all parties. Generously confiding in the professions of his pretended friends, he came to the spot indicated, with the specified number of attendants, and, while the conference was in progress, was surrounded by a superior force, led on by an admiral of France, and he and all the members of his family on whom hands could be laid were made prisoners, and hurried on board a ship of war, which instantly set sail, and conveyed him from the shores of that beautiful island, where he had hoped to shew to the world how peaceful, how orderly, how great and prosperous, might become a commonwealth of negroes properly governed and instructed.

How many of the French troops found a grave amid the sands and swamps of the island, carried off by the fever and the pestilence which at certain seasons prevail, it is not our purpose to dwell upon. A wretched remnant, however, only returned to tell the tale of their discomfiture.

The treacherous seizure of Toussaint and his family exasperated the negroes to a pitch of phrenzy: such of them as had been deceived into a coalition with the French at once saw their error, and turned against them. There was no longer truce, but war to the knife; unheard of cruelties were perpetrated on both sides; and the struggle terminated in the total defeat of the French, and the proclamation of the independence of St. Domingo, or Hayti, the original name of the island.

But what became of Toussaint L'Overture? Arrived in the harbour of Brest, a few moments only were allowed to him to say farewell for ever to his wife and children. According to some accounts he was first taken to Paris and confined in the prison of the Temple, and there meanly persecuted by inquiries about treasures, which it was supposed he had buried in St. Domingo. Finding that he would not, or, as it really appears, could not, make any revelations on this head, Napoleon had him conveyed with great secrecy to a solitary fortress in the Jura Mountains, where, after an imprisonment of ten months in a miserable dungeon, whose stone walls and roof were glassy and beaded with moisture, the strong constitution of this child of the tropics yielded to the wasting influence of cold, hunger, and confinement; and he died, as surely and more cruelly murdered than if he had been shot or hanged like the vilest criminal.—*(London) Anti-Slavery Reporter.*

AT THY PERIL.

"Am I my brother's keeper?"
Awake from dreams to-day!
Arouse thee, careless sleeper,
Cast not the thought away.
Thou from a golden chalice
Dost drink the ruby wine,
Thine home a stately palace,
Where wealth and splendour shine.

"Art thou thy brother's keeper?"
Life's page to thee reads fair,
And gaze a little deeper,
And other tales lie there.
With sullen look and stolid,
'Mid wretchedness and strife,
Beneath yon roof-tree squalid,
How drags thy brother's life?

"Art thou thy brother's keeper?"
Swift as the viewless wind,
Speeds on one mighty Reaper,
His harvest sheaves to bind;
His earliest prey finds shelter
These sordid roofs beneath,
Where vice and misery swelter
In hot-beds ripe for Death.

"Art thou thy brother's keeper,
One course the foe doth run,
Nor Volga's stream nor Dneiper
Bars out this ruthless Hun.
Who shall the myriads number,
This "Scourge of God" may kill?
While sunk in selfish slumber
Securely dream ye still?

Thou art thy brother's keeper,
This charge thou canst not flee,
The path of right grows steeper
Daily to thee, to thee.
A reckoning shall be taken,
A reckoning stern and deep,
Woe! unto those who waken
Then first from the careless sleep!

Thou art thy brother's keeper,
War, pestilence, and dearth,
These besoms of the Sweeper
Invade the homes of earth.
A blackened path and sterile
Conducts them to thy door,
And at thy proper peril
Dost thou neglect the poor!

—*Household Words.*

HENRY THE NINTH OF ENGLAND!

A correspondent, writing about a King who does not appear in the history of England, announces that he possesses a medal, bearing the representation in bold relief of a head, apparently that of an ecclesiastic, the circumscription being—"HEN. IX. MAG. BRIT. FR. ET. HIB. REX. FID. DEF. CARD." On the reverse is a large cross supported by the Virgin; a lion sorrowfully crouches at her feet, with eyes directed as it seems to the crown of Britain, lying on the ground.

Behind, to the right, is a bridge, backed by hills and a cathedral, probably St. Peter's at Rome. On this side the inscription is, "NON. DESIDERIIS. HOMINUM. SED. VOLVNTATE. DEI. AN. MDCCLXXXVIII."

The manner in which this medal came into the possession of an Englishman was somewhat singular. At the time when an English army was serving in the Calabrias, and assisting Ferdinand the Fourth of Spain against Bonaparte, a British officer happened to get separated from his regiment, and, while wandering near Canne in Basilicata, in dread of immediate capture (since he was in the rear of Massena's lines), he sought protection at a handsome villa by the roadside. He was hospitably received by a venerable man, who proved to be a Cardinal. The curiosity of the refugee being excited by the interest which the Italian dignitary appeared to take in the welfare of the British, he ventured to demand whom he might have the pleasure of addressing; the reply was simply, "Your King!"

When the officer had recovered from his surprise, the Cardinal presented him with the medal; and, from him, it came to the writer. It was one of those struck upon the death of Prince Charles, to commemorate the imaginary succession to the crown of England of Henry Stuart, the Cardinal Duke of York, in whom the direct line of the Stuart race terminated; and who now sheltered the fugitive soldier.

It is well known that this prelate was, until the day of his death, the secret idol of many in whom the last hopes for the restoration of the kingdom of Great Britain to the family of the Stuarts were centred. He was the second son of the Pretender, and was born at Rome on the twenty-sixth of March, seventeen hundred and twenty-five. When twenty years of age, in the much celebrated "forty-five," he went to France for the purpose of heading fifteen thousand French infantry, which assembled at Dunkirk to invade England, and to reestablish the Stuarts on the throne. But, after the battle of Culloden, the contemplated invasion of England was abandoned. Henry retraced his steps to Rome, and took orders, and seemed to have laid aside all worldly views. His advancement in the Church was rapid; for, in seventeen hundred and forty-seven, he was made cardinal by Pope Benedict the Fourteenth.

He lived in tranquillity at Rome for nearly fifty years; but, in seventeen hundred and ninety-eight, when French bayonets drove Pope Pius the Sixth from the pontifical chair, Henry Stuart fled from his splendid residences at Rome and Frascati. His days were now days of want; his only means of subsistence being the produce of a few articles of silver plate, which he had snatched from the ruin of his property. Infirm in health, a houseless, almost penniless wanderer (Napoleon having robbed him of his estates), he endeavoured, at the age of seventy-three, to seek refuge in forgotten obscurity.

George the Third was informed of the Cardinal Duke's poverty and pitiable situation by the kindly interference of Sir John Cox Hippisley. It is said that the King was much moved by the distressing recital; and, in eighteen hundred, Lord Minto was ordered to make a remittance of two thousand pounds, with an intimation that the Cardinal might draw for two thousand more in the following July. It was also made known to the Cardinal that an annuity of four thousand pounds was at his service, so long as his circumstances required it. He was spared seven years to enjoy this munificent pension, and died at Rome in eighteen hundred and seven, in the eighty-third year of his age. He was buried between his father and brother at Frascati. His tomb, sculptured by Canova, bears as inscription, the name of Henry the Ninth.

The Cardinal Duke, down to the very day of his death, although in the receipt of a munificent pension from England, was in communication with several noblemen, who still indulged the hope of placing him upon the throne of Great Britain. Among the Cardinal's papers were discovered letters from active partisans both in Ireland and Scotland; but the English government wisely took no notice of these awkward revelations. Had they done so, many men of high rank and great influence would have been brought to a severe account.—*Ibid.*

FENELON'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

The king, Madame de Maintenon, and the Duke Beauvilliers had been admirably guided, either by chance or discernment, in the selection of such a master for such a disciple. Fenelon had been endowed by nature with the two attributes most requisite in those who teach—the power of command and the gift of pleasing. Dignity and fascination emanated from his whole being—nature had traced in his lineaments the beauty of his soul. His countenance expressed his genius even in moments of silence. The pencil, the chisel, and the pen of his contemporaries, some of whom were his enemies, all agree in their delineation of Fenelon. D'Agueseau and St. Simon have been his Vandyk and his Rubens. He lives, he speaks, he enchants in their hands. His figure was tall, elegant and flexible in its proportions as that of Cicero. Nobility and modesty reigned in his air and governed his motions; the delicacy and paleness of his features added to their perfection. He borrowed none of his beauty from the carnation, owed none of it to colour; it consisted entirely in the purity and grace of outline, and was altogether of a moral and intellectual cast. In moulding his expression, nature had enjoyed but little physical material. We feel, while contemplating this countenance, that the rare and delicate elements of which it is composed afforded no home to the more brutal and sensual passions. They were shaped and moulded only to display a quick intelligence and to render the soul visible. His forehead was lofty, oval, rounded in the centre, depressed and throbbing towards the temples; surrounded by fine hair of undecided colour, which the involuntary breath of inspiration agitated like a gentle wind, as it curled around the cap that covered the top of his head. His eyes, of a liquid trasparency, received, like water, the various reflections of light and shadow, thought and impression. It was said their colour reflected the texture of his mind. Eye-brows arched, round and delicate, relieved them alternately with a rapid movement. His aquiline nose, marked by a slight prominence, which gave energy of expression to a profile more Greek than Roman. His mouth, the lips of which were partly unclosed, like those of a man who breathes from an open heart, had an expression, wavering between melancholy and playfulness, which revealed the freedom of a spirit controlled by the gravity of the thoughts. It seemed to incline equally to prayer or to smiles, and breathed at the same time of heaven and earth. Eloquence or familiar conversation flowed spontaneously from every fold; the cheeks were depressed, but unwrinkled, save at the two corners of the mouth, where intolerance had indented lines expressive of habitual graciousness. His chin, firm and somewhat prominent, gave a manly solidity to a countenance otherwise approaching to the feminine. His voice corresponded, in its sweet, grave and winning resonance, with all the harmonious traits of his countenance. The tone conveyed as much as the words, and moved the listeners before the meaning was conveyed to them.

"This exterior," continues D'Agueseau, "was rendered more imposing by a lustre of distinction which spread around his person, and by an indescribable expression at once sublime and simple, which impressed upon his character and his features an almost prophetic air. Without effort he gave a new turn to all his conceptions, which made his hearers fancy that inspiration had rendered him master of every science, and that instead of acquiring he had invented them. He was always new, ever original, imitatating none, and himself inimitable. The theatre in which he performed was not too great for such an actor; he held no place there but that assigned him by the public, and his position was worthy of his genius."

To all these endowments of nature, Fenelon added all those which are bestowed by a natural power of pleasing, without an effort to beguile or flatter. The desire of being loved as he himself loved was his sole art of flattery and seduction; but in this also lay all his power, "This power," said his friends, "became an irresistible fascination in proportion as it was involuntary." This ardent inclination to please was no effort of his mind, it was simply his good fortune. Drawn towards all, by his love he drew all in turn to himself. Benevolence was so completely his essence, that in breathing he imparted it to others. The universal regard which he met with was but the rebound of that affection he displayed towards his fellow creatures. This desire to please was no artifice; it was a spontaneous emotion. He did not, like the ambitious, exert it only where interest beckoned, towards those, who by their friendship could aid his advancement or his schemes; it extended to all without other distinction than deference to the great and condescension to the humble. Equally anxious, said St. Simon, to delight his superiors, his equals, and his inferiors; in this desire of reciprocal love he recognized no distinctions of great or small, high or low; he sought only to conquer hearts with his own; he neglected none, and noticed even the humblest domestics of the palace; nevertheless, this prodigality of regard had nothing vulgar or uniform in its expression which might have vulgarized or deteriorated its value. It was marked, distinctive, and proportioned, not in tenderness, but in familiarity of manner, according to the rank, the worth, and the degree of the individual. To some respectfully affectionate, to others displaying ardent friendship; give a smile here and a word there—a kindly glance, a natural benevolence, spontaneously governed all his motions; his guide was sentiment, not form. A faultless tact (that instinct of the mind) involuntarily prevented his evincing too much consideration for one person, or too little for another. The measure bestowed on each was correctly proportionate.

To all other charms he joined a marvellous grace—a grace the gift of nature, and to which good taste was added by gentle birth. Born within the ranks of the aristocracy, educated amid the distinguished, accustomed from infancy to move in a sphere above the crowd, his manners bore that undeniable stamp of superiority which rises by its condescension and flattens by its love. His politeness never seemed an attention to all, but a peculiar notice bestowed on each; it imparted its own character to his genius. He never sought to dazzle by display those who might have felt obscured or humiliated under the ascendancy of his talents. He suited his discourse to the capacity of his associates, equalling always, but never trying to surpass them. The conversation which forms the true eloquence of friendship was supereminently his. Ever adapted to the man, the hour and the subject, it was grave, flexible, luminous, sublime, or playful, but always noble and instructive. In his most unstudied flights there was something sweet, kind, and winning, which the most humble comprehended, and which compelled them to pardon his superiority.

"None," continues St. Simon (who dreaded his genius), "could leave or deprive themselves of the charm of his society, without wishing to return to it again. His conversation left that impression on the soul that his voice did on the ear, and his features on the eye—a new, powerful, and indelible stamp, which could never be effaced from the mind, the senses, or the heart. Some men have been greater; none have been more adapted to humanity; and none have swayed more by the power of the affections."

Such was Fenelon when he appeared at court, in his forty-second year. He speedily obtained dominion over all except the envious, who could not endure superiority, and the king, who, in opposition to genius, possessed only the gift of plain common sense, and could not endure that any other man than himself should be an object of general regard. Madame de Maintenon, a woman of truly superior discernment wherever ambition did not obscure her faculties, recognized at once in Fenelon the dominating mind of this secondary court, which surrounded the heir to the throne. His gentle, pure, and sincere piety prevented any danger from the universal influence he exercised. She drew him into intimacy, and even wished to render him the confident of her thoughts by choosing him for her spiritual director. Such a confidence would have rendered Fenelon the arbiter of the will of Madame Maintenon, who himself ruled the disposition of the king. The oratory of a female would have become the oracle of an age. It is believed that the comparative youth of Fenelon, and the instinctive repugnance of the monarch to such an alarming superiority, deterred her from the fulfilment of this intention. She confided her conscience to another, but bestowed all her favours upon Fenelon. No mind in the court so quickly understood, admired, and loved him. With the exception of Bossuet, all connected with the pious intercourse of Louis the Fourteenth and Madame de Maintenon were persons of middling capacity. The genius of Fenelon soared far above this circle; but we have already said that no man could so well adapt himself to those he could never raise to his own height. The greatest triumph of his genius consisted in forgetting itself. He confined himself under the patronage of the Duke de Beauvilliers, and the intimacy of the Duke de Chevreuse, both rather his friends than his superiors, or the delicate functions of his charge; the recital of those endeavours and successes, by which the master achieved the transformation of his pupil, belong rather to the studies of philosophy than the records of history. The first process adopted by Fenelon was the influence of his own character. He succeeded in persuading, because he had succeeded in making himself loved; and he became loved from having begun by bestowing love himself. In a few years he had remodelled this rude nature, at first sterile and unproductive, but afterwards ductile and fruitful, into the Germanicus of France. This Germanicus, like he of Rome, can only be exhibited to the world for a moment; we shall meet him again on the borders of the grave.

It was in the midst of the studious leisure of this royal education, which forced upon Fenelon's mind the contemplation of the philosophy of societies, that he secretly composed, in a poetical form, his moral and political code of government. We speak of "Telemachus," which perpetuates the genius of Fenelon to all posterity. If he had been merely the lettered and elegant courtier of Madame de Maintenon's private circle, the exemplary and eloquent pontiff of Cambray, the tutor of a prince, carried off from his regal inheritance while yet under age, his name would have already been forgotten. But he has moulded his soul and genius into an imperishable poem. His mind is his immortal monument, and lives in this work.—*Lamartine's Life of Fenelon.*

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

The reflections below, which we copy from a review in the (London) *Inquirer* of a new book, entitled "The Fairy Library" by George Cruikshank, will, we think, be pronounced as full of good sense on a subject of no small importance:

But there is a serious point in which George Cruikshank has departed from that good sense which must, one would think, be inherent in the man who can draw as he does. He has undertaken to write the stories as well as illustrate them, to re-write the tales of our childhood, and to make "Hop-o'my-Thumb," "Jack and the Bean-stalk," and we fear all those yet to come, subservient not only to sound morality but to political economy, abolition of capital punishment, temperance, peace, and the sanitary movement. Look at this heart-rending finale to "Hop-o'my-Thumb"—that he who as all authentic history informs us lived happily till he died should have been involved in the anxieties and labours connected with this extensive system of reforms, carried out apparently in the paternal spirit of Joseph of Austria—this is a sad subject of contemplation, and would be doubly so if children were in any danger of attaching ideas to this part of the work:

"The first act of the Count as Prime Minister was to advise the sending an army to take all the Giants and Giant-Ogres in the land prisoners, which was done. And instead of putting them to death, he turned their enormous strength to useful purposes, and employed them, under guards, at different places where great national works and improvements were required—such as new roads, draining marshes, and making harbours of refuge and security for ships. And he let them have their wives with them, who, although Giantesses, being of a more gentle nature, soothed and controlled the fierce and savage nature of their husbands; and thus made them more manageable and useful to the country. The next thing the Count did, having suffered so much in himself and family from the scarcity of food, was to pass a law to admit foreign grain into their markets, which had not been allowed before. The Count having experienced the evils arising from gambling and betting, passed a law that the winner in either of these cases should always pay to the State, for the support of the poor, *double the amount of his winnings*; and this soon put a stop to betting and gambling entirely. Finding that strong drinks were hurtful to all, and that they created a great deal of misery and all sorts of wickedness, his next act was to pass a law to abolish the use of all intoxicating liquors; the effect of which law was, that in a short time there were very few, if any, criminals in the land; and the only paupers, or really poor, were those sick or aged persons who are unable to do any sort of work, for all the people in the land were industrious, and the country was rich.

"The last great law that he made was that every child in the land should be educated, either by its parents or the State; that *all* should be taught to read and write, and to know how to do something that might be useful to themselves or the State; and he appointed moral teachers to those classes who required such assistance; and compelled parents to instruct their children in their own religion. By these good laws and regulations, peace, comfort, health, and happiness, were felt and enjoyed by all classes in the kingdom, as well as by the Count and Countess, and their children; including, of course, our little hero, Hop-o'my-Thumb; who was, indeed, truly happy! and was so good that he was beloved by every one."

This blow at the old associations of our childhood is the more painful because it comes from so unexpected a quarter. What! George Cruikshank—associated with the purest and most delightful real fairy stories; he from whom we learnt what an elf really was by the picture of that one putting on his breeches in the shoemaker's shop; he but for whom our ideas of Rumpelstiltskin would have been as vague and unsatisfactory as they are now precise and clear—*et tu Brute*; he to mangle our old traditions, to murder "Hop-o'my-Thumb" with an anti-capital-punishment dagger, and to carve him as a dish fit for "the three Quakers who went to Russia!"

Where is this to end? We see no reason in the present limits. If it is wise to instruct children from five to twelve years of age in the political and social movement of the day, and to do it through the medium of nursery tales, at least let it be done thoroughly. Let a political meaning pervade the story. Let a child be made to perceive that the famous dog of "Mother Hubbard" in his eccentric changes of mood, aptly typifies the political career of Mr. Disraeli; and let the author venture on prophecy so far as to make the official cupboard bare at the end as well as the beginning of life. Let the "Babes in the Wood" be the Proteotionists party, and the late Sir Robert Peel the cruel uncle. Mr. Roebuck, we have no doubt, would cover them with leaves, though not in quite so pious a spirit as the real robin. Let us have "Bob the Corn Law Repealer," instead of "Jack the Giant Killer," and let Mr. Bright eat the hasty-pudding. A *Times* article on Perry might be aptly typified by the story of the young man with the Golden Goose, with all the weak minds in the country hanging on behind, unable to extricate themselves, and treading on one another's heels in their haste. In fact, there is no end to the useful applications; and the only objection to the serious is that it would seem better adapted to the grandmothers than the grandchildren.

"Jack and the Bean-stalk" is more unmercifully handled than even "Hop-o'-my-Thumb." The whole story is taken to pieces and built up on a new model, in which history and fiction, facts and fairies, modern philanthrophy and old world benevolence, are plastered together in a distorted carricature of the simple, truthful old fiction. We have heard much of restoring the monuments of Westminster Abbey. If Mr. Scott intends to follow the example of Mr. George Cruikshank, he cannot do better than begin by making a Siamese Twin monument for Edward I. and Mr. Wilberforce. Fancy Jack living in the time of Alfred the great, and having a sister called Ady. Fancy his father being Sir Ethelbert, an imprisoned Saxon knight. Fancy the Giant being merely a large Dane, and the bean-stalk only growing up to the lofty cliff where he lives. Fancy all this jumbled up with a more than ordinarily recondite apparatus of real fairies, and the whole summed up with red lights and a display of fireworks, and some idea may be formed of the pitiable condition to which Mr. George Cruikshank has reduced this delightful old story. Nothing is so hurtful to a child as this inseparable intermixture of history and fiction. It is certain to deprave his taste, which you will find instinctively to rebel against it, and it may confuse his sense of veracity. The most truthful child very readily discovers the nature of imaginative fiction, and keeps it apart in his mind from the facts he lays hold of as realities of the past, and it is most unwise to perplex him in his distinctions. As many ogres, dwarfs, fairies and enchanted princesses as you please, only dont mix them with Danes and the Corn Laws, and let the lessons that fairy stories naturally teach remain unencumbered with principles of general benevolence and the enforcement of necessary sanitary improvements. Instead of allowing the poor Giant, after having been strippep of his property, to break his neck naturally from the bean-stalk, and so make a good and satisfactory end, Mr. George Cruikshank bends him up by a dull form or rhythmical enchantment, never sung in any nursery, and then puts him on a moral treadmill, and makes him drag on a protracted existence in great wretchedness and sobriety:

"Jack's father sent him to inform the chief man of the village of what had taken place, namely, his own release from captivity, and the extraordinary capture of the Danish Giant; begging that he would send a number of men in the morning to secure him. The news soon spread about the village and valley, and early in the morning, the whole population of the place were up at the Bean-stalk to behold this wonderful sight. They were all armed with some kind of weapon—swords, spears, bows and arrows, scythes, bill-hooks, &c.; but there was no occasion to use them, for the Bean-stalk gently let the Giant down to the ground, holding him fast all the time, until the people bound his hands behind his back, and tied strong cords round his ankles. Besides, this great savage monster not having had any food for very many hours, and naturally being a great coward—as all cruel people are—and, besides, being now quite sober, he begging hard for mercy to himself, though he had never shown it to others.

"The next day, Sir Ethelbert having procured a large ship, there was quite a procession down to the beach; and having got the Giant safe on board, and having had him well secured, Jack's father and mother and sister went on board also; and, with a strong body of men to guard the Giant, they sailed round the coast towards Sir Ethelbert's Castle, and after a short voyage they landed, and marched up to take possession of it.

"As they drew near, the Knight was surprised to see a banner waving from the top of the keep, or strong tower; which banner he soon discerned to be King Alfred's! This was, indeed, a strange circumstance; but it turned out that the King had been successful in defeating a Danish army in that part of the country, and having heard that a Danish Giant had taken possession of his old friend Sir Ethelbert's castle, and held him prisoner there, he came to besiege it, and release his friend; and was surprised to find the only inmates to be a Giantess, a Dwarf, and a few of the knight's relations and retainers, prisoners in the dungeons. The Knight found King Alfred seated with his warriors in the great hall; and having given him the particulars of this strange history, particularly how bravely and how wisely his son Jack had behaved in rescuing him from prison, he brought him out into the court-yard to see the Giant, and also to present little Jack to his Majesty. They had made the Giant crawl upon his knees through the gateway, and he now stood up before the entrance of the great tower; but to ensure the safety of the King and every one else, the soldiers, with their spears, were drawn up all round the yard, and archers had their bows and arrows ready to shoot, if they saw the least disposition on the part of the Giant to break loose. The King's huntsmen had also large fierce dogs, ready to slip in case of need. Jack had hold of a strong cord that was fastened to the Giant's leg; and when he saw the King come forth he knelt down, bowed, and delivered the Giant into the custody of his Majesty's guards.

"The King was much pleased with Jack, and surprised that such a little fellow should have achieved so much and so well; and giving him a handsome jewel as a mark of his regard